

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR ARCHANGEL

# The Daily Mirror

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No. 4,821.

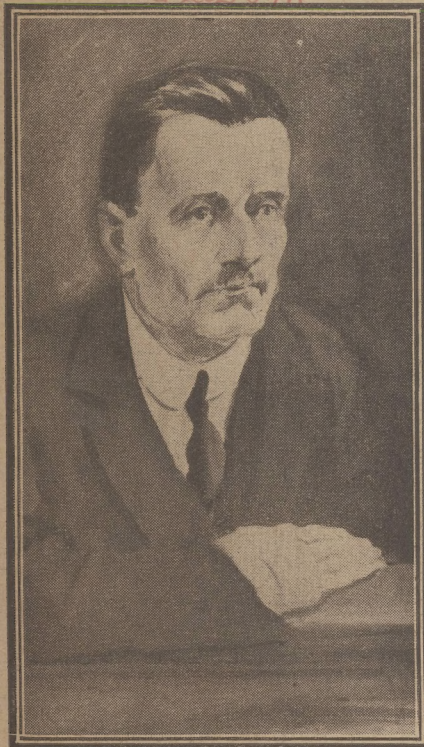
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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

## THE QUESTION OF COLONEL RUTHERFORD'S SANITY



Another Daily Mirror picture of Colonel Rutherford.



A Daily Mirror picture of accused in court yesterday.  
His hand, it will be noticed, is bandaged.

Miss Winifred Louth, Detective - Inspector  
witness. Savage, witness.

Mr. Rigby Swift, K.C., counsel for Lt.-Col. Rutherford, intimated at the trial yesterday that the defence would be that the accused was insane when he committed the murder. Winifred Louth, who gave evidence, was housemaid at Carshalton Place, the Rutherfords residence.

### QUEEN ALEXANDRA TAKES PART IN THE FILM, "WOMEN WHO WIN."



A film in which Queen Alexandra appears. The scene in which her Majesty is "screened" was taken in the conservatory at Marlborough House, and shows her with two of the actresses. Behind are two matrons-in-chief, who were present at her Majesty's invitation.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)



Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Rutherford, D.S.O., the prisoner.



# COLONEL RUTHERFORD'S DEFENCE

'Not Act of Normal Man,'  
Pleads Counsel.

## THEORY OF SHOTS.

Doctor Reconstructs Tragic Shooting at Holland Park.

"There is no dispute as to the facts in the case as presented by the prosecution, but I shall ask you to say that the prisoner was insane at the time the crime was committed."

Thus Mr. Rigby Swift, K.C., in his opening for the defence of Colonel Rutherford, D.S.O., at the Old Bailey yesterday. Colonel Norman Cecil Rutherford was charged with the murder of Major Charles Carleton Seton by shooting him at the house of his cousin, Sir Malcolm Seton, in Holland Park, W., on January 13.

The hearing was adjourned until to-day. When his counsel elaborated the hypothesis of insanity, the accused man sat with bowed head and eyes cast down. Previously he had remained motionless, staring straight before him.

He was dressed in a blue suit with a blue tie. He looked pale and even haggard, though the lips were set grimly, and there was a dark intensity in his eyes.

## TRAGEDY RECONSTRUCTED.

Police Officer's Story of Fourteen Bullet Wounds.

At the opening of the case, Mr. Rigby Swift, K.C., for Colonel Rutherford, raised the question of the health of the accused man at the time of the tragedy, and the judge replied that the onus of proof of insanity rested on the prisoner.

Counsel wanted a report by Dr. Griffiths, of Brixton Prison, put in by the prosecution. Dr. Bernard Spilsbury, pathologist at St. Mary's Hospital, said that he found on the body of Major Seton fourteen bullet wounds. Only one bullet was left in the body.

Dr. Spilsbury produced a diagram showing the wounds on Major Seton's body, which numbered eight. Some of the bullets, he said, went right through. The cause of death was syncope (fainting) due to hemorrhage from a bullet wound through the heart.

He formed the opinion that Major Seton was standing sideways when some of the shots were fired. Colonel Rutherford was probably standing on the other side of the room. In his opinion the person who fired the shots moved slightly forward while firing. There must have been at least six bullets fired, but not more than eight.

### "SEEMED RESTLESS."

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Hill, formerly in charge of R.A.M.C. records, gave evidence of Colonel Rutherford's record and health.

In November, 1916, nine months after he went to France, Colonel Rutherford was invalided back to England suffering from eczema, which was a severe form of dermatitis.

Mr. Swift: His actual record is very fine, is it not?—It is a distinguished record.

Mr. Swift: Is there anywhere you know where there is a greater strain than on the medical man in charge of an advanced dressing station?—I should think there is not.

Asked if he was impressed by Colonel Rutherford's manner, the witness said he was struck by two facts. The first was that Colonel Rutherford so suddenly wished to leave employment, which was thought very suitable to him, and the second his behaviour while talking to him.

Counsel: What did you observe?—He was very restless. He seemed uncomfortable, so much so that as soon as I saw my questions were making him obviously uncomfortable I stopped asking them.

(Continued on page 15.)

## PRINCES' FOOTER RIVALRY

Royal Enthusiasts at Guards v. R.A.F. Game To-day.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert will go to Chelsea this afternoon to see a football match between teams representing the Guards and R.A.F.

The Prince of Wales will witness the game as a sportsman in general, but as a Guardsman in particular, while Prince Albert, equally keen on a good game, will naturally desire that victory should rest with the force of which he is a member.

## HAIG SEES THE KING.

The King received Sir Douglas Haig at Buckingham Palace yesterday morning on his appointment as General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Home Forces.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

S.E. England: Moderate S.W. or W. winds; variable cloud; some showers. Rather less mild.



Col. Wedgwood, who was established in the position of British Forces in Russia in the House of Commons to-morrow.



Mr. F. W. Woolworth, who established 100 '6-cent and 10-cent' stores in U.S. and 75 branches in Britain, has died.

## SERVICE GOLFERS.

Women's Interest in Sandy Lodge Competition.

### "SHOT OF A SUPER-MAN."

There was little frivolity at Sandy Lodge yesterday when the qualifying round of the international Active Service Amateur Golf Tournament was played.

The competition is open only to those naval and military men who have actually seen war service.

Mrs. Marks, the wife of the hon. secretary, had a busy time seeing to the wants of the players and spectators. She had a Gallipoli military badge pinned in her brown woolen scarf.

"I am strong for the Australians," she told *The Daily Mirror*.

Lieutenant C. H. Fawcett, the Tasmanian champion, wore Mr. Marks' brown towel golfing coat, just as a mascot," he told *The Daily Mirror*.

Much interest was taken when Lieutenant Gordon Lockhart, the Irish champion, drove off from the first tee, and a masterly stroke which he played on the second hole was described by one of the women onlookers as the "shot of a super-man."

## MILLINERY FIRE.

Firemen Throw Out Hats and Togues to Lessen Flames.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BIRMINGHAM, Tuesday. Spring millinery to the value of several hundred pounds was destroyed by fire at the shop of Miss Phillips at Smithwick to-day.

In order to lessen the flames firemen had to throw large numbers of hats and togues on to the balcony beneath.

## WHITE-SPENCER WEDDING

Fashionable House Party at Althorp for To-day's Event.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NORTHAMPTON, Tuesday. For the wedding of the Hon. Luke White and Lady Lavinia Spencer on Wednesday, Earl Spencer is entertaining a house party at Althorp, consisting of among others, Lady Sarah Spencer, Viscount and Viscountess Althorp, Colonel Sidney and Lady Delia Peel, Lord and Lady Sandhurst, and Lieutenant Hon. Cecil Spencer, D.S.O.

## A VISION FOR THE MINER.

M.P. on Warm Pools and Floating Card Tables.

When the debate on the second reading of the Housing Bill was continued in the House of Commons yesterday Sir Martin Conway commented that the Bill made no provision for housing the social intercourse of the people.

For miners he would provide baths resembling those of Caracalla at Rome, with warm pools where the men might float and amuse themselves at floating chessboards and card-tables.

This scheme would also embrace a large and comfortable hall, with a beautiful floor for dancing, a band, a picture gallery, restaurant, a creche, a library and a cinema.

## SOLDIER'S ESCAPES FROM CASTLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CARLISLE, Tuesday. Sentence of three years' penal servitude was passed at Cumberland Quarter Sessions to-day upon William Brice, alias Hamilton, indicted for burglary.

Brice is in the Border Regiment, and it was stated he had three times succeeded in escaping from Carlisle Castle, the depot of the regiment.

The death sentence on Cottin (M. Clemenceau's assassin) has been commuted.

## 'RADIANT SMILE' GIRL

Father's "Come Back" Appeal to Cissie, Aged Twelve.

### "SEEN WITH A STRANGER."

"Come back to us, Cissie," is the simple, heart-broken cry of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, whose little daughter has been missing from their home in Greek-street, Soho, since Saturday night.

The girl, Cissie Hannah Raymond, will not be thirteen until next month, and is a cheerful, lovable child with no morbid fancies that might account for her disappearance.

She is dark with good features and a radiant smile, which displays two front teeth rather large and widely spaced. Her hair is long.

When she left home she wore a blue pleated dress, shepherd plaid coat with opossum collar, black lacee Saxone shoes with rubber soles and heels, and a black velvet toque.

If only my girl could hear from us, I am sure she would run home," Cissie's father said yesterday to *The Daily Mirror*. About 9.15 on Saturday evening Cissie left home to go to a girls' club. There she was seen by a girl friend, with whom she danced. At 10.45 p.m. her father saw her crossing Oxford-street with an unknown man. He did not know that she was missing, and before he could take action to stop her the girl and man had disappeared in the crowd.



Cissie Raymond.

## CUT OFF BY THE TIDE.

Rescued Lady Tells Remarkable Story of Answer to Prayer.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BOURNEMOUTH, Tuesday.

Following on the escape of the four ladies—Mrs. Spencer Johnson, Miss Cooper and Miss Garrard, all of Bournemouth, and Miss Benson of Fitzroy-street, London, W.—from drowning near the Old Harry Rocks, Studland, whilst making an excursion along the foot of the cliffs, Mrs. Spencer Johnson to-day gave further details of their experiences.

They were in a sorry plight for thirty hours, she said, and during the time the light was good they signalled to passing fishing boats and aeroplanes, but were unable to attract attention.

Before starting on their expedition they had read the 91st Psalm, and while on the rocks the words: "Thine shall no evil befall thee and it shall not come nigh," held a deep significance for them.

Mrs. Johnson averred that their escape was a direct answer to prayer.

## GIRL "DARE-DEVIL."

Extraordinary Escapades of Olive, Who is Aged Sixteen.

Auldrie Olive Oliver is the girl with a "dare-devil" spirit. She is aged sixteen, and according to the story of the police at the Surrey Quarter Sessions yesterday she

absconded from home on six occasions. Another time escaped in her nightdress by climbing through a window to a roof and down a fire escape.

Had committed burglaries at Birmingham and other places.

Broke into the canteen at Duxhurst School, was captured, but escaped again.

Oliver was now charged with stealing three £1 Treasury notes, and Lady Henry Somerset, superintendent of Duxhurst, said it was the girl's dare-devil nature rather than any special vice that accounted for her record.

Oliver was bound over.

## PREMIER'S HOME MEMORIES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CROCIETH, Tuesday.

The Prime Minister has commissioned Mr. Tim Evans, the Welsh artist, to paint several large pictures of landscape surrounding the old home at Llanydudwy.

Mr. Lloyd George has told the artist the scenes which are still vivid in his memory since the days of his childhood.

## DELHI AND CAIRO QUIET.

After twenty-two casualties caused in the riots Delhi is quiet again. The cause was a protest against the Rowlatt Sedition Bills.

Cairo is also quiet, following disturbances in which nine people were killed and fifty-six wounded.

## 'VICTORY SEASON' AT THE SEASIDE.

East-Coast Resorts Book Briskly for Eastertide.

## PRE-WAR ATTRACTIONS.

To-day *The Daily Mirror* gives some more hints for those planning their Easter holidays.

All along the bracing East Coast the traces of war have been effaced and every effort is to be made to celebrate the year of the Great Peace.

Everywhere it is necessary to book early, the demand for accommodation being without precedent.

Clacton-on-Sea.—A record season is expected, and accommodation is already in great demand. Golf, bathing, and entertainments will return to pre-war standard.

The special musical attraction for Easter is the band of the 3rd Battalion Essex Regiment, Felixstowe.—Book early, for the hotels and boarding houses are preparing for a bumper season.

Entertainers will run full programmes, and special attractions are booked for Easter:—Sittingham.—Hotels and boarding houses are booking up rapidly, furnished houses and apartments letting well.

All sports and amusements as usual. Food is plentiful.

Skegness.—Bracing air and sunshine are attracting record bookings for Easter.

An excellent concert party is provided for the Bank Holiday, while "His House in Order" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" fill the bill at the Central Theatre.

A great programme of dances, galas and fireworks displays is projected for the season. The

## BEAUTY PHOTOGRAPHS DAILY

Further details of *The Daily Mirror* 1,000 Beauty Competition will be found on page 13. Each day during the week we shall publish photographs of the prize-winners whose names and addresses only have so far been printed. See pages 8 and 9 to-day.

broken pier adds a touch of war-interest to the attractive seascapes.

Bridlington.—There is an extraordinary demand for furnished houses, and a great season is expected.

The Corporation has engaged excellent concert parties, and other entertainments will reach a high standard.

Tickets To Be Rationed.—The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company is again resorting to the rationing system in the issue of tickets for the Easter holidays in Bolton and the surrounding towns.

Sunshine yesterday was recorded in amounts varying from 16 hours at Skegness to 9.2 hours at Torquay and Weymouth.

## NO MOTHERS' PENSIONS.

M.P.'s Scheme That Was Talked Out in the Commons.

Mr. Tyson-Wilson, in the Commons last night, introduced a motion advocating pensions for mothers, widows and mothers whose breadwinner was incapacitated.

He advocated that while the State provided the money, a municipal or county council committee unconnected with the Poor Law should administer the scheme locally.

He mentioned a letter he had received from a widow who six years ago was left with four children, all under six. The children had to pass into Poor Law institutions, and the woman lamented that when she saw them she realised they were not having the same chances in life as other people's children.

Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentick welcomed this and other attempts to humanise and Christianise our industrial system. He gathered the proposal was that the widows and widowers should be the same as the present military pensions. America had set us an example in this direction.

The motion was talked out.

## A "HEAD'S" CONSCIENCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BATH, Tuesday.

Bath City Council to-day decided to terminate the engagement of Mr. H. R. Wilkinson, headmaster of the Bath School of Art. Wilkinson was a conscientious objector, and obtained exemption on condition that he engaged in tree-felling, and he found employment accordingly.

## WOUNDED RESCUER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PRESTON, Tuesday.

William Curry, nineteen, a discharged and wounded soldier, was presented with the Royal Humane Society's medal at Preston yesterday for diving in a S.W. and rescuing a nine-year-old child from the water, getting so exhausted that he had to be dragged out himself.

Princess Helena is better, and hopes to join her mother in a day or so.



# PEACEMAKERS ON EVE OF MOMENTOUS DECISIONS

## CONFERRING ON THE PEACE TERMS.

What Mr. Bonar Law's Trip Means.

### MR. WILSON'S SHIP.

By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Tuesday Night.

I have high authority for stating that within the next forty-eight hours decisions of the greatest moment will be taken in Paris.

Mr. Bonar Law left London for the French capital last night to join Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour in the consultations which are taking place. He is not expected back in London till Thursday.

Meanwhile Mr. Kennedy Jones has forwarded a telegram to the Prime Minister signed by many M.P.s asking for an assurance that he will not depart from his original intention that the full indemnity bill should be presented to Germany.

A Reuter Paris message last night announced Mr. Bonar Law's arrival in Paris for the purpose of conferring with the leaders of the British delegation on the final terms of the preliminary Peace Treaty, the discussions having sufficiently far advanced as to warrant

### BELGIUM'S SACRIFICE.

Army casualties	102,382
Civilians killed by Huns in first weeks of war	6,000
Deportees	125,000
Total lives lost in war	80,000
The death rate in every Belgian town has increased by 50 per cent. owing to German occupation.	

Mr. Lloyd George summoning the Leader of the House of Commons for this purpose. His advent is therefore regarded here as a welcome indication that actual decisions on all the main points of the treaty have been reached.

The Reparation Commission yesterday adopted the first provisional report of the Second Sub-Commission, presided over by Lord Cunliffe, on the financial capacity and means of payment of enemy States.—Exchange.

### MR. WILSON AND THE 3.

### 2½ Hours' Meeting—Mystery of Talk About Liner.

PARIS, Tuesday.

The Council of Four met at President Wilson's residence at three o'clock this afternoon. The meeting lasted until 5.40 p.m.—Central News.

Despite the French and British declarations, that peace matters have been cleared up, it is stated semi-officially that President Wilson does not agree that this is the case, says the 'Exchange'.

His position is that the peacemakers must get back to the fourteen points and the Armistice terms.

Even more emphatically than on Monday, it is stated that he is fully prepared to quit the Conference and return by the George Washington unless the delegates speedily get together.

Reuter states that the President is returning to Washington because the American situation requires that he should take the helm at home. On the other hand, the Central News declares that reports of the President's early departure are treated with scepticism in official quarters.

It is officially announced in Washington that the George Washington warship, which brought President Wilson to France, is to leave for Brest earlier on Friday instead of next Monday.

The Echo de Paris publishes a denial of the report that President Wilson has telegraphed to the George Washington to be in readiness to sail shortly (says Reuter).

### NEW UNDER-SECRETARIES.

The Daily Mirror understands that parliamentary under-secretaries for Scotland and Wales will be appointed in connection with the Ministry of Health.

The names of Colonel Gilmour, M.P. for Pollok, and Sir Edgar Jones, M.P. for Merthyr, are mentioned for these appointments.

### BACK FROM BUDAPEST.

The Copenhagen Politiken's Berlin correspondent reports that General Smuts has now left Budapest after having negotiated with Bela Kun, the 'Red' chief, and others.

The result of the negotiations is said to be very satisfactory, and to have strengthened the position of the Government.

The formation of the Red Revolutionary Army has begun. About 300,000 men have already joined.—Exchange.

## Mr. Bonar Law's Sudden Call to Important Consultations with Premier in Paris.

### MEN WHO WILL DASH TO ARCHANGEL'S AID

The Peace.—Mr. Bonar Law has received a sudden call to Paris to join the Premier, and momentous decisions are about to be taken.

Latest From North Russia.—The War Office has issued a call for volunteers for the Archangel Relief Force. The advance guard leaves Tilbury to-night. Admiral Koltchak's force has begun a northern move which may ease the situation at Archangel. At Murmansk an attack by "Red" Finns has been repelled, and a riot by armed Chinese overcome.

### "APPLY AT ONCE" REQUEST TO RECRUITS.

#### Advance Guard Embark To-night at Tilbury.

FROM THE WAR OFFICE.

The relief force which is being formed for service in North Russia will include the following:—R.F.A., R.E. (field signposts, postal), Infantry, Machine Gun Corps, R.A.S.C., R.A.M.C., R.A.O.C., R.A.V.C., A.P.C.

The advance guard of the force, it is understood, will embark at Tilbury this evening.

The force will be mainly composed of volunteers drawn from the sources mentioned below:

(a) Demobilised and discharged trained soldiers.

(b) Trained duration of the war soldiers serving at home.

(c) Soldiers serving on normal engagement for two, three and four years.

All men re-enlisting must be—

(a) Fully trained in the arm which they desire to join.

(b) Fit for general service.

(c) Nineteen years of age and over.

A discharged or demobilised soldier if accepted will rejoin in the rank, substantive or acting, he held at the time he left the colours.

Pay, allowances and bonus as now given to men in the armies of occupation. On completion of the period of service all men will be given two months furlough, or any longer period to which they may be entitled, on full pay and allowances.

The period of enlistment for recruits will be one year or such shorter period as may be required, but no man who re-enlists for this duty will be kept longer than required for this special service.

Qualified men should apply at once to the nearest recruiting office, to officers commanding local regimental depots, or to the Chief Recruiting Staff Officer, Great Scotland-yard, London. The report that "Z" reservists were being called up is without foundation, but they may volunteer.

### KOLTCHAK'S NEW MOVE.

#### Advance That May Relieve the Situation at Archangel.

Admiral Koltchak's troops have assumed the offensive in the direction of Viatia (a base for the North Russian front 280 miles north of Perm). This latest northern move of Admiral Koltchak's army, says Reuter, if it develops favourably, should ease the situation at Archangel.

Odessa's Peril.—The French cruiser Waldeck Rousseau is proceeding to Odessa, where the situation is critical owing to Bolshevik pressure from the outside.

A telegram from Moscow of Monday's date says it is reported from Kiev that Odessa has been captured by the Soviet and Ukrainian



Admiral Koltchak, who is leading the Siberian Force. P.C. Lambert, who stopped a runaway horse, has died.

troops.—There is no official confirmation.

Reuter.

Plot in Sweden.—Stockholm police have seized a quantity of firearms in a small depot and have arrested two extreme Socialists. No doubt the firearms were bought with Russian Bolshevik money and were intended for arming the Swedish proletariat in a possible revolution.—Exchange.

### ATTACK AT MURMANSK.

#### Red Finns Repelled — Rioters Armed with Knives Overcome.

FROM THE WAR OFFICE.

A telegram from Murmansk states that on April 7 a disturbance was caused in Murmansk mainly by Chinese workmen, which was soon put down and which is not considered as of any political importance.

The majority of the rioters were armed with revolvers and knives, and are now in custody.

A party of Red Finns attacked one of our posts ten miles south of Segeja twice on the 7th inst., but were both times repulsed, leaving behind six killed. Our casualties were nil.

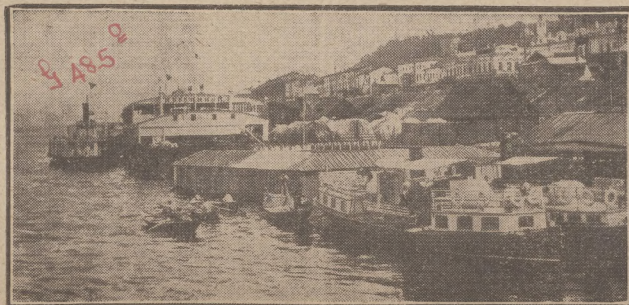
This attack furnishes additional confirmation of the intended simultaneous action by the Finnish Legion and the Bolshevik Red Finns.

Troops of the North Russian Rifle Regiment, who form part of the Allied forces in North Russia, occupied Gagnavok, a village on the eastern shore of Lake Vigzero, sixty miles south of Soroka, capturing the Bolshevik patrol.

Russians in France.—M. Clemenceau told a deputation of Socialists yesterday that the 70,000 Russians in France would be transported to Russia as soon as possible.

The Social Democrats says a conflict between Finland and Russia is imminent.—Exchange.

Missing Prisoners.—The motor ambulance party searching for prisoners of war in Germany had finished their work, and search of the Germans records was being made for 121 men who were known to have been taken prisoners.—Mr. Churchill.



Odessa, which is said to be in Bolshevik hands.

## BEATTY'S FAREWELL TO GRAND FLEET.

"I Belong, Body and Soul, to the Navy."

### COMRADE AND FRIEND.

"I am the figurehead, I have to make the speeches, but you are really the recipients of the honours just as much as I am. It is good for you to know that the feeling in the country is what it is."

Thus Admiral Sir David Beatty, in his farewell address to the Grand Fleet on board the Queen Elizabeth at Devonport.

"This is the last general order I shall issue to the Grand Fleet," said Sir David, adding:—"Sometimes in the Navy we have a sort of feeling in our minds that because we are out of sight we are out of mind. That is not so."

"We have to continue to hold ourselves worthy of the trust, that unflinching trust, which England has in the great service to which we all have the honour to belong. I now say goodbye to you."

"This is to me a sad day, because it brings to an end my service in the Fleet, and I may say my service afloat."

### "GOOD-BYE"

"I am still a servant of the State, and so long as I may be employed, or am employed, in the service of the State in the service of the great service to which you all know I belong body and soul, you may depend upon my sympathising with and assisting every man and officer of the Fleet in his just aspiration."

"What the future holds for us I cannot say. I will not prophesy. I thank you and remember, that although I have gone, I still remain a comrade and friend. Good-bye."

## CLOUDS OF 'RED' ANARCHY OVERHANG HUNS.

### Great Bodies of Troops Massed in Berlin.

Over Germany.

Yesterday was the day fixed for a Congress of Soviets in Berlin, and the Spartacists had contemplated making it the occasion of a coup d'état. Nook, the Minister of Defence (says the Exchange) had prepared for this by massing large bodies of troops at various points in the capital, and so far these measures would appear to have overawed the extremists. Great strikes of railwaymen, engineers and metal workers are threatened, and the Government has issued a stern warning to the malcontents.

### WILD SCENES.

The general situation in Germany is complicated by Bavaria's surrender to the "Reds," which has had an unsettling effect on the whole country and has encouraged Bolsheviks in various centres, notably Hamburg, where the position is critical, to adopt a still more defiant attitude.

At Magdeburg Herr Landsberg and General von Kiehl were arrested by the Extremists and then released. Wild scenes are being witnessed and there was a battle before the police station. Collisions between insurgents and Government troops who are advancing on the town are expected.

### ATLANTIC FLIGHT.

Mr. Hawker and Lieutenant Grieves will probably set out on their Atlantic flight next week with a Sopwith machine, says a Reuter St. John's (Newfoundland) message yesterday.

Flame and smoke flares will be used, says Reuter's Washington correspondent, to enable the airmen to determine the drift of their machines.

A Handley-Page machine will essay the flight. It will carry three pilots, and is one which was built for the bombing of Berlin.

An aerial mail between Paris and Bordeaux caught fire yesterday in landing at Bordeaux.

### AERIAL MAIL RECORD.

One of the R.A.F. aerial mail service routes now being operated in France is between Mairconcelle and Cologne—a distance of 225 miles. This unit responsible for this service is No. 110 Squadron, and during the last three weeks, in spite of almost the worst possible weather conditions, there have only been three days when the weather actually prevented the mails being carried.

During this period 465 bags of mails have been carried to Cologne, and on only one occasion has there been a forced landing.

The King and Queen with Princess Mary yesterday visited the military hospital at Chantilly house-square.





—that's the Glaxo Baby!—hundreds of thousands of them—happy, healthy, ahead of their age, giving their parents joy and comfort every day of their lives.

There is now no shortage of Glaxo—shipments are constantly arriving from our new factories in New Zealand. Good news, this, for Babies who cannot be breast-fed—good news, too, for those Mothers who by taking Glaxo themselves will satisfy Baby in Nature's way — at the breast. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, send name and address of your chemist to Glaxo, 155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W. 1. We will arrange that you be regularly supplied.

Ally yourself with the "Glaxo Power" to Build Bonnie Babies  
—make full use of the Glaxo Happy Motherhood Service.

Glaxo,  
Mothers' Help Bureau

This Bureau is in charge of fully-qualified, trained Nurses, specially chosen for their great practical experience of Babyhood. They are *longing to help just you and your baby.* If you have a knotty point you think they could help you with, write at once to Glaxo Mothers' Help Bureau (Dept. 2), 155, Gt. Portland-st., W.1. We will be only too pleased to help you all we can. There is no charge for this Service. *"If it's about Baby—ask the Glaxo Nurse."*

Glaxo,  
Baby Clothing Patterns

The Glaxo paper patterns, with sketch and full directions, cost but 3d. each, yet are just the last word in Baby Clothing—inexpensive, simple to make, easy to put on, easy to take off—a boon both to baby and yourself. No pins are required in any Glaxo Garment. There are patterns for both girls and boys up to three years. A list of the Patterns will be sent post free, on request, by Glaxo (Dept. 2), 155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W. 1.

Glaxo,  
Baby Book

-136 pages crammed full with Babylore and Mother-wisdom. One mother says: "It is a mine of necessary information" for everyone who loves a Baby. Written by a highly-qualified, trained nurse under the supervision of a doctor. It is a book which *you simply must have* if you have a Baby or are expecting a Baby. There is no other book to compare with it at any price. It is written in plain, simple language that every mother can understand.

If you have a baby—or are expecting a baby—you cannot afford to be without the wonderful, 136-page Glaxo Baby Book—send this Coupon and 7d. stamps To-day.

*Abridged Contents of the 136-page Baby Book.*

[illegible]

Vice Visitation  
Vomiting Walking  
When Baby is Ill  
Water Boiled  
Weaning  
Weight of Baby  
Wetting the Bed  
What is Glaxo?  
Whey  
Whooping Cough  
Wind  
Windows Open  
Worms  
Zinc Ointment  
Powder

*These  
are  
matters  
every  
mother  
ought  
to know  
about.*



**Post this Coupon**  
to Glaxo (Dept. 2), 155, Great Portland  
Street, London, W. 1.

Please send me the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book for which I enclose 7d. in stamps.

My Chemist is .....

His Address is.....

[illegible]

Strike out words in following, which do not apply to you.

I have (no) difficulty in obtaining sufficient

I have (15) already in counting number  
Glaxo for my Baby.

Glaxo myself to improve my own breast milk  
 Baby Glaxo in turn with the breast

Baby Glaxo in turn with the breast.  
Baby Glaxo as his sole food.

.....

.....

[illegible]

100



# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1919

## AFTER THE PEACE...

WE read somewhere yesterday that when we get Peace—in a fortnight, or three weeks, or a month, or before Easter, or not before Whitsun—we shall see the twin companion virtues of Magnanimity and Forgiveness arising spontaneously, or mechanically as though worked by springs, out of the soil of blood-stained Europe.

Eros, as a learned German professor put it, at a time when the end of the war was not yet in sight, Eros—St. Paul's "Charity"—will then be at hand to reconcile men's minds.

But not until the Peace... Well, this little sermon of hope in a great newspaper seems to us a little like that familiar plea of the man bent on making his pile. "I will be rich first; then I will be good."

In other words, for so long and so intensely have men's minds been urged towards hatred and mutual contempt, that we fear Forgiveness and Magnanimity won't exactly arise as swiftly as no doubt the stucco monuments of winged Victories will, after peace. In fact, it may be that these divine benignant ladies will be coy and hang back a little. Habits are hard to overcome. The world's way has become hate, hate all the time.

Thus the new mood will have to be cultivated. It will not appear, obligingly, the moment the signatures are dry on the Peace. And all the more difficult will it be for Forgiveness and Magnanimity to replace Hatred and War in that there are so many many energetic and ardent hot-gossellers whose object in life it is to keep hatred alive and to prompt to further war.

These gentlemen, you may be sure, will be hard at it seeking what they may devour in the next ten years or so. And poor bright Magnanimity and Forgiveness will get quite middle-aged and wrinkled in the effort of dealing with the war-producers.

## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

WHEN a Ministry comes forward to help a Flight—of any sort, imaginative or physical—we can see that the old world is beginning to move more quickly.

The Air Ministry is to help the Atlantic Flight.

A good precedent. Usually these things are done without official recognition; until, when done, Somebody settled in Whitehall raises important eyebrows over them.

This Flight across the Atlantic will be a great achievement for the winner, and we do not doubt that a winner there will be. It will be a gallant individual stroke. But one such swallow will not make the spring skies alive with aircraft.

On this matter, the pioneers are perhaps unduly rousing public expectation by their own very special achievements.

People are beginning to believe that across-the-Atlantic regular-flight days will follow this coming competition as swiftly as the perfected motor car followed the break-down type, or even the perfected bicycle the high velocipede.

But weather and wind, in this other sphere, are the enemies—permanent enemies, as we may feelingly say, in the midst of an English April. They represent eternal change, and the airman wants stability.

Ambitious man must turn his attention to regularising weather before he can count upon a daily flight across the Atlantic. For the weather-proof machine will presumably be a long time coming.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We are born to inquire after truth; it belongs to a greater power to possess it. It is not, as Democritus said, hid in the bottom of the doops, but rather elevated to an infinite height, in the divine knowledge.—Montaigne.

# THE DANCE OF DEATH IN GERMANY.

## IS STARVATION THE CAUSE OF THE NEW MANIA?

By C. CLARKE.

REPORTS from Germany constantly refer to the excessive passion for dancing which has taken possession of the country since the middle of last year, and which since the signing of the armistice has developed into a veritable mania.

Several German newspaper correspondents state that it is worse than the Spanish influenza, and the Munich comic paper, *Die Jugend*, publishes a cartoon, in which the fiddlers "Death" and "Famine" are depicted playing to the frenzied dancers. The *Jugend* is not far from the mark.

Starvation is the cause of this wild outbreak of uncontrollable excess. Nor is it by any means the first time that a similar epidemic has swept through the country.

The well-known legend of the Pied Piper of

of the town and a piper clad in variegated garments.

The piper was powerless, as a vagrant in the land, against the mighty burghers, but by his art he took his revenge, and at the next outbreak of the dancing mania led those who had been entrusted to him to be cured out of the town—they would have followed the music anywhere—and neither he nor they were ever seen again.

It may be mentioned that the rat story is originally entirely alien to the legend and was not united to it till several centuries later, at the time of the Reformation.

ST. VITUS.

This mania is, in fact, nothing but St. Vitus' dance, so called because it was from this saint that relief was solicited from the malady, and at the period just referred to altars dedicated to him were to be found in all German churches. Before these altars could be seen young men and women dancing furiously and at the same time supplicating the

## PREPARING FOR A TAX ON BACHELORS.



He will have to propose. Let him learn quickly how to do it!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

Hamelin owes its origin to a similar occurrence towards the close of the thirteenth century, a period at which famine had been a frequent guest in the country and had left its mark on the rising generations.

Sudden outbreaks of dancing mania were in those times as great a bane to the economic life of the towns as the lightning strike is at the present time. The worthy leaders of the municipalities held many a conference to devise means to obviate them.

At last they hit upon a remedy, which, at least, reduced the attack by two-thirds of its usual duration, which was generally three whole days.

It had been observed that if the dancers were supplied with music their more frantic exertions were the sooner followed by complete exhaustion, which, after some hours' rest, allowed them to resume their customary labours and the municipality to carry on its regular business.

The municipal ledgers of many ancient German towns contain records of sums disbursed in this manner to strolling musicians who happened to be in the neighbourhood. Such records can be found in Hamelin, and it would appear that a transaction of this species led to friction between the honourable authorities

saint to grant them rest and remove the irresistible desire of dancing from their hearts.

The mania is reported to have proved fatal to many who were badly affected.

Perhaps to-day it is one of the least healthy signs of degeneration in Germany. For the dancing in Berlin and elsewhere is less an expression of the need to forget than a sort of mania like those that set the afflicted medieval nations praying to the Saints who could protect men from their own diseases of body and soul.

Particularly, I don't think I am wrong in connecting this pathological state with the food shortage and the long strain of a war that has ruined Germany.

But on the other hand it must be remembered that a vein of continual amusement-seeking had come into German, and particularly Prussian, life, well before the war.

Germany in 1914 was not the "pious Prussia" of 1870—the Prussia of Carlyle. On the contrary, the typical patriotic Berliner was always pointing out to one that his city was the most immoral in the world.

He was not ashamed of it. He was proud of it.

That gives the measure of his difference in character from his father of an earlier war.

# COMPLAINTS AND HINTS.

## OUR READERS ADVISE THE CHANCELLOR ABOUT TAXATION.

HOW TO SAVE.

LET us save more money. Let us save by having (1) no war monuments, (2) no war museums, (3) no peace rejoicings, (4) no more new Ministers.

That at least will realise a good many millions. R. M. E.

## THE BACHELOR TAX.

THE effect of the proposed bachelor tax will simply be to drive the thriftless into marriage. It will be for the thrifty bachelor to bring up their children by paying high rates, I suppose! BACHELOR. St. James'-street, W.

## UNEARNED INCOME?

PERMIT me to echo the opinion expressed by William Oliver. I belong to a large class, each of whom has given a lifetime of strenuous work to one or other department of Government service and has relied on a young woman pension, the spending value of which is now about half of what it was when originally granted, while the amount has not been supplemented by any bonus or allowance whatever.

Even when income, such as these are augmented by the savings of forty or fifty years of hard work, it is surely incorrect to describe them as "unearned." RETIREE (Civil Service).

## INCOME-TAX AND PRICES.

INCOME-TAX ought to be assessed with reference to the purchasing power of money. My income is to-day worth less than half what it was before the war. Ought I, then, to be taxed as though it were worth the same! Chelsea. FIXED INCOME.

## A TYPICAL INCIDENT.

I SHOULD like to bring the following incident to the notice of your readers. I was in a Labour Bureau recently searching for servants, and I heard a young woman of twenty-eight asking for factory work. The lady in charge pointed out there was no demand now for workers as so many factories were closed, and asked what she had been doing before the war. She said she was a cook at £30, and the young lady offered her a situation at £45, which she firmly declined and proceeded to draw her out-of-work pay! It seems very hard on the middle-class householders; no one knows what a time they have had these last two years, muddling along either with very incompetent maids or else without them. I don't know which is worse. ONE OF THE OVER-WORKED ONES.

## A MAD WORLD?

SURELY the world is going mad, and it is true we had a few new laws made to cope with it. Here are three instances taken recently from your paper:—

(1) A man is put in prison for three months for assaulting his wife because she had two babies by his brother in his absence soldiering abroad. Surely a just cause for some display of indignation!

Would it not have been fairer to imprison the wife—giving her time to repent—and shielding her from further attacks?

(2) A girl sues her fiancé for breach of promise—when she is engaged—and totally unfit to marry. When will eugenic laws be brought forward to protect future generations?

(3) A young "officer" (of the middle classes) is refused by a shopgirl because she is engaged to someone else, so he promptly shoots her—fortunately not fatally.

Are we all to invent our own laws since the war? or could not a few modern ones be made to deal with new war morals?

A SCOTCHWOMAN. Claridge's Hotel, Brook-street.

## SHORTER LETTERS.

Tax Babies!—It would be interesting to know if "Taxation" is married. If so, has he any babies? My only hope is that he may be the father of two lots of triplets in three years—then see if he would still think that babies and prams should be taxed. I guess he would only have one pram between the six.—UNAFRAID.

And Cycles?—Apparently "W. H. K." is not a cyclist, but one of those many selfish persons who likes to see everybody taxed but themselves. Cyclists, I am sure, would willingly pay a tax if people like "W. H. K." would also "play the game" and help to pay for the pavement they wear out which makes the roads considerably more than the roads worn out by cyclists.—DISGUSTED.

Good Girls.—Your correspondent who suggests a competition for "good girls" forgets that virtue is its own reward.—P. W. R.

The Worst Month.—Which is the worst month for health? If I am to judge by my practice, March and April—that is, if you omit exceptional causes such as epidemics of influenza.—M.D.

## IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 8.—Grass seed may be sown during the coming fortnight. First make the ground perfectly level, and then rake off all stones and rubbish. Choose a fine day, and sow the seed set the seed thickly and as evenly as possible. Rake the seed in, and then roll down the soil. Birds must be kept away.

When the young grass is about six in. high it should be cut or mowed by hand with a sharp scythe. Keep on removing weeds and rolling during the summer. E. F. T.





## Take care of your skin

Now more than ever it is important to take care of your skin and complexion. Sudden weather changes and biting winds make the skin harsh, dry and rough.

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**29/6**

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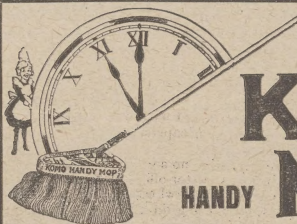


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## THE ART OF FILM MAKING.

### FREQUENT OPENINGS FOR ARTISTIC ABILITY.

By WILLIAM FOX.

The head of the Fox Film Corporation tells us about big productions.

WHAT a tragedy it would be if the great writers, artists and sculptors of the world lived their lives as a commercial proposition! The beauties of the world would never come to light. Happily there is no danger of such a disaster, for the master impulse to create, regardless of all considerations, must always dominate the true artist.

That, in my view, is true of the film. There is a mistaken idea, I find, existing throughout the world that the creation of motion pictures is a ready means of achieving great wealth. That is not my experience. The reason is probably that I do not regard it as a business but an art. I feel that it is impossible to bring the making of motion pictures down to the standard of commercialism.

Only those who actually love art should have anything to do with the making of motion pictures, and I hope that now the war is over there will arise in England many men and women prepared to devote their wealth to advancing this art regardless of profits. Those who seek profits can find them more readily elsewhere.

England, as a consequence of her heroic struggle in the struggle of liberty and civilisation, is sadly behind in this modern art of the cinema as compared with the States. Sixteen years ago, when I first became connected with motion pictures, the whole population of the United States contained less than a million regular readers of the screen. To-day there are more than twenty-two millions.

I make the prediction that ten years hence there will be very few men, women or children between the ages of five and ninety who will not, as habitually as they drink tea, see and read the motion pictures.

Since the war began a sterner task has prevented the building of cinemas in England. Compared with America, I estimate that she has an arrears of at least 40 per cent. to make good. Soon, I believe, the building restrictions will be removed, and this wonderful triumph of modern art, the cinema, will come into its own. It will be able to bring its colour and beauty into the lives of many millions who are now deprived of an opportunity of seeing the masterpieces of the screen.

#### TO PLEASE THE KIDDIES.

How backward England is in this matter is shown by the statistics. In the United States there are 17,000 cinema theatres, while Great Britain has less than 3,700. There is a difference in population, of course, but it does not account for such a great discrepancy, which is not only a deprivation to the public, but it robs the creative artists of Great Britain of their rightful share in the exercise of their art.

The world is ready to receive masterpieces of the cinema, just as it is ready to receive masterpieces of literature, sculpture, and painting, from whatever source they come. Art is international. It overleaps boundaries of race and language. If the producer in the cinema art will exercise the same care as the masters of other arts, there is a world market eager to receive the production.

I know that there are in Great Britain men who aspire to exhibit to the world their great artistic abilities. They may accept my assurance that a welcome awaits them throughout the civilised world.

An illustration of the artistic care necessary for the production of a film masterpiece is afforded by my own recent experiences in preparing for the screen the great play of "Salomé." For six months I searched the world to find a man who could satisfactorily impersonate St. John the Baptist.

One honour I claim in my art, and one alone. I was the first to recognise that there must be special pictures for children—pictures that would amuse them, stimulate their imaginations and help their little minds to grow. To please the kiddies I have made in the past two years five pantomime films, telling the stories of "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Aladdin and His Lamp," "Ali Baba and His Forty Thieves," and so on. Many a time have I watched their enjoyment of these films.



Mr. William Fox.

## AMERICAN FLATS THAT RUN THEMSELVES.

### WHERE ELECTRICITY SOLVES THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

By JANE DOE.

DURING my first days in the United States I used to wonder how it was that the average American housewife generally contrived to look so daintily spick and span from morn till eve.

After I, myself, became a housewife—or, rather, flatwife—and rented an apartment in the pork-packing city I soon solved the mystery. American flats work themselves.

All unnecessary labour and drudgery is entirely eliminated by the installation, in almost every apartment building, of mechanical and electrical devices which minimise nine-tenths of the work of keeping the suites in good order.

And, I herewith proclaim in absolute confidence, that there is a huge fortune awaiting the prospector who will turn any London street into a block of flats on the American plan.

My flat, for instance, was one rejoicing in nine rooms and three baths—one bedroom and bathroom leading out of the kitchen comprised the servants' suite.

It had a sun parlour attached to the drawing-room which in hot weather was also used as a sleeping-out porch; a back porch for the use of the maid; a service lift for tradespeople; an electric vacuum cleaner service; a telephone; "in-a-wall" beds which disappeared by day, leaving a pleasant pier-glass effect.

There were also cedar-wood wardrobes in each bedroom, which were illuminated with electricity merely by turning the handle of

the door; linen and store cupboards built the length of the hall; showers in two of the bathrooms; a refrigerator, which was the size of a small scullery; a disappearing sanitary dustbin (sent down on the service lift to be emptied each morning).

My gas stove, which necessitated no stooping, had a glass oven door, a griddle surface, a grill, a plate warmer and a towel-rack, and which could be kept clean and bright without the aid of blacklead or paraffin.

Practically everything in that flat went by electricity. The piano, the gramophone, the fans, the coffee percolator, the toast rack, the chaffing dish, the table grill, the sewing machine, the fireless cooker, the bed warmers, the hair curling irons. And there was a little electric motor which cleaned and sharpened the knives and scissors, polished the silver and made the ice cream with its separate attachments.

The flat building had a public reception lounge which would have done credit to an ancestral palace. It provided its own central heating, electric light and table ice, and hot water and lift service all day and night. It possessed a garage and a playground for children; a chemist's shop, a newspaper stall, a barber's shop and a soda fountain.

There were also the separate surgeries of the dentist, the osteopath, the man and woman doctors, and the lady whose window card admitted modestly that she was a specialist in the cause of beauty.

Believe me, it was some flat! And if it is true that all good Americans go to Paris when they die, then all good English housewives should go to U.S.A. as a compensation for what they have to suffer on this side from the sins and omissions of unimaginative architects and builders.



GERMANY MUST PAY FOR THIS.—Diver going down to blow up the debris of a bridge destroyed by the Huns. New foundations will then be laid.

## MY POST-WAR SPRING CLEANING BILLS.

### NEW TERRORS OF THE DOMESTIC UPHEAVAL.

By A HOUSEWIFE.

WHEN the "Cease Fire!" sounded at Senlis we women heaved a vast sigh of relief.

"Now," we said gleefully, "food prices will drop and we'll get the house or flat nicely turned out and redecorated before Easter."

But it was not to be.

Never, I suppose, was the renovation of our homes such a toilsome and vexatious business. Everybody connected with it is "difficult"—reluctant, elusive, capricious, expensive and slow.

Many of us have no servants. And at the register-office a likely maid will floor you with the awkward question: "Is your spring-cleaning done? If not, I'll wait until it is."

The window-cleaning man—or his trousered lady colleague—is very shy. He—or she—is "full up," and can take on no more jobs. And if grimy windows call for a little methy-lated spirit the staff is doled out as though it were liqueur brandy, and figures alarmingly in the bill.

Cleaners and dyers take an interminable time with one's chintzes and cretonnes; and their charges are more than double what they were, even in the first two years of war.

To catch a carpet-beater is like laying lures for the great auk.

The paperhanger will dump a few dismal Cubist patterns on the bare floor, and then he also vanishes to another job, remarking as he goes that "wall-paper's gone up again, an' the old kids ain't made now."

Soap and soda, picture-wire and hardware, tacks and nails; brooms and brushes and floor-mops; step-ladders, brass-polish, plate-powder—every item in the spring-cleaning arsenal costs twice or thrice what it did in other days.

Even mouse-traps are all but unobtainable! I'm asked 1s. 3d. for a scrap of wood with four holes and wire nooses.

It's all very discouraging, and sets us women looking to the State for aid, with all the silly faith of Bolshevism.

The carpenter will ignore you till you hunt him down in another job.

You explain how, trusting to his promises, you've torn up the place, and now sit mourning in a chaos of topsy-turvy furniture and carpetless floors that show broken boards here and there and depress you to tears.

"Timber," the man tells you when he calls at last to leave a few floor patches, "has gone up four hundred per cent." Shall we ever hear of anything going down—except our high hopes of reconstruction.

Really, spring-cleaning should be forgone altogether until the world settles down.

To-day it spells domestic war in peace time; and the woman who embarks upon it with a light heart has dreadful lessons to learn—unless she or her husband is a "handyman" with an abnormal bent for beating carpets and adorning the home on Ruskinian lines.

## MODERN SPANISH LACE-MAKING.

### PEASANT GIRLS' ARTISTIC LINGERIE.

By ADELAIDE POGUE.

Our contributor recommends British lace-making on Spanish designs to take the place of crêpe-de-Chine and satin lingerie.

MUCH has been written recently of reviving the British hand-made lace industry, with frequent reference to French and Belgian lace, but it is surprising how seldom Spain, that great home of the industry, is mentioned.

This perhaps may be accounted for by the fact that much of the best Spanish lace never leaves its native land, there being a greater market for it there than here, and also by the fact that, once it arrives in England, its price leaps somewhat beyond the reach of the popular pocket.

Hand-made lace of rare beauty is acquired for a mere song in the villages of southern Spain. Juanita, or Pepita, not having much to do of a winter's evening, sit down before the "brazero," or charcoal brazier, and gossip.

Idle fingers are not permissible, so out come the cushions and bobbins.

From the "punto tonto," or beginner's pattern, to the most intricate designs, nothing comes amiss to expert fingers.

The cushions, or "mandillos," used are not those seen in other countries, but consist of a wooden cylinder, padded, and placed across a wooden stand, so that the worker need not take up the cramped position enforced by the ordinary cushion or pillow.

#### THE MAY FAIR.

Linen thread for lace-making is manufactured in the north, whence also comes mountain lace similar to torcheon.

The design is planned round the cylinder, and as the work progresses and the pattern is covered the completed lace is unspined and rolled up, leaving the design free to be worked on over again—ad infinitum.

Towards the middle of May the yearly "feria," or fair, is imminent.

Pepita must have a new print frock; Juanita casts longing eyes at some new hair ornaments.

Work is renewed with feverish energy, and the busy click of the bobbins makes a pleasant accompaniment to the girls' chatter.

Seated by the cool balcony on the ground floor, they keep up a running fire of comment on the passers-by. "There goes Pepé, the cross-eyed one. Dios! what a face! Take care, he might cast the evil eye on you!"

The next passer-by stops and greets the girls. His looks proclaim him a native of the north; he is fair, tall and muscular, and tanned to the coppery tint that long exposure to an intense sun gives.

"Ola hijas! How industrious you look!" "Diego, you are late this year!" exclaims Pepita. "I had almost despaired of seeing you around here."

#### THE CULT OF LACES.

"Not too late, I hope. You surely have a little lace left for your old friend; you know I pay you well."

Then comes a little haggling, without which buying and selling would be a dull business to a Spaniard, be he from the North or the South.

With the "feria" in view, what girl could resist exchanging a piece of lace for a few cool, bright dollars, the equivalent of so many delightful things?

The lure of the booths and the dancing marquees is very strong when one has looked forward to them all the year round; and so, perhaps, half a dozen yards of lace fit for a queen pass into the lace agent's hands for two or three dollars.

A good half-hour's business," thinks the agent, and in view of this farewells—"May your mother be blessed!"—is not altogether insincere.

A Spanish peasant girl's lingerie is not infrequently of great artistic merit, lace and embroidery being the one luxury within her reach, since they are made with her own hands.

Can we not revive this cult of laces and fine stitchery in England in preference to the less refined and certainly less hygienic cult of the crêpe de Chine and satin lingerie of the modern woman?

To those interested I recommend that they experiment with some of the Spanish designs. The work is tedious to beginners, but no very great obstacles should be met with.

Lace-making is an absorbing occupation which many a demobbed and nerve-racked woman would welcome during their spare time.



# TACKLING THE BAREFOOT SCANDAL



In addition to socks and stockings 625 pairs of new boots and 209 secondhand pairs have been distributed to the poor children of Bethnal Green. At one distributing centre a demobilised soldier is kept busy doing repairs and has soled and heeled 5,429 pairs.

# FOR CHILD WELFARE

£10 PRIZE



Mrs. Alan Parsons (Miss Viola Tree) acting as saleswoman at the Jewel Fund Sale organised for the benefit of child welfare generally.



**ABANDONED.**—A four-year-old girl, who was found in a London street on St. Valentine's Day. She is at Lambeth still unclaimed.



**PAPER IMPORTS.**—Mrs. E. S. Francis, appointed secretary to the committee which is inquiring into this question.



**BEATING THE KAISER WITH A BIG STICK.**—Jesse T. Tregarden, of the 173rd Aerial Squadron, Band, returns to New York from France.



**GIFT TO V.C.**—Pte. Jack White, V.C., of Manchester, presented with a £200 War Bond by his fellow citizens.



**MENTIONED.**—Lady Bailie, who has been mentioned for valuable services in connection with Red Cross work.



**DUBLIN SPORTS.**—Miss N. Ardagh, who won the highest number of points at Alexandra College, receiving the cup from Sir Algernon Coote.



Miss Marjorie Hooper, Maida Vale, £10 prize. Clerk, Ministry of National Service.



Miss Hilda Fraser, Belfast, £10 prize. A canteen worker.



Miss Gladys Rabin.



# WINNERS.

## WILL THIS HAPPEN?

## ELECTION CAMPAIGN FROM THE AIR



ft. £10 prize. Formerly keeper in Wrens.



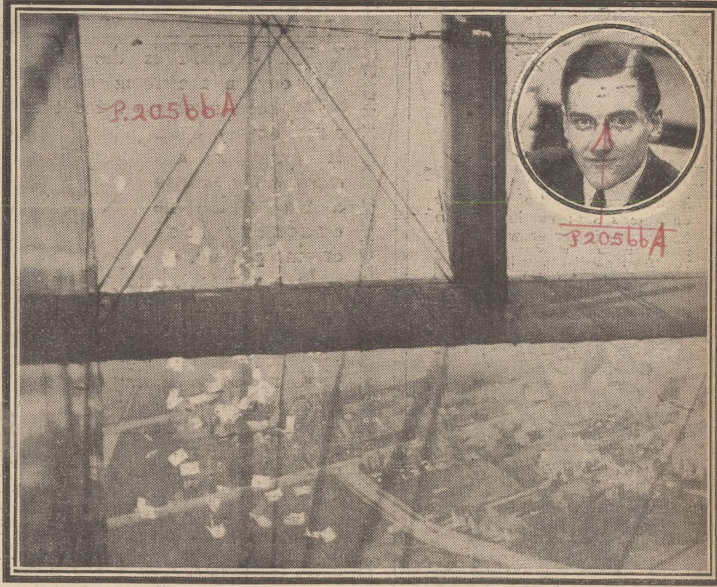
£10 prize. Hospital worker.



prize. Worked on a fire.



An aeroplane, after falling into the sea. It is to be hoped that this kind of thing will not happen when the transatlantic flights are attempted.



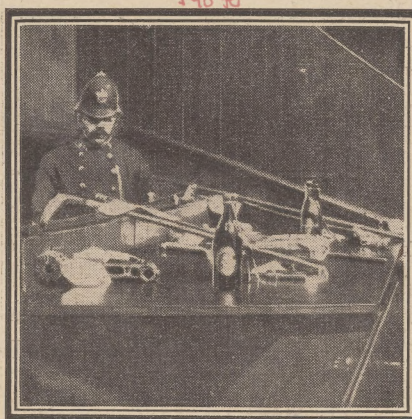
A photograph taken in mid-air showing Mr. Theodore Page, one of the candidates for the Cricklewood Board of Guardians, dropping election literature from a Handley-Page machine. Mr. Page is seen in the circle.



**CROIX DE GUERRE.**—Bandman W. Brown, an Ashton Salvationist, who rescued a French officer under heavy fire.



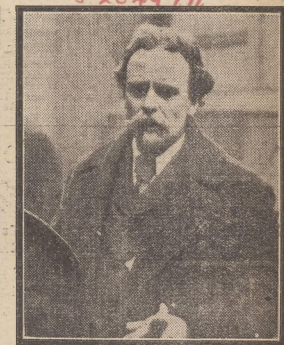
**RED CROSS WORK.**—The Countess of Bathurst mentioned for her valuable work for the British Red Cross Society.



Exhibits in the court at Edinburgh.  
**CLYDE STRIKE SEQUEL.**—Twelve men are arraigned in connection with these riots. There is a jury of fifteen, and the trial is expected to last about a week.



Mr. John McLean, the Glasgow Socialist, greeting one of the accused, and George Ebury, one of the prisoners, outside the court.



Miss Doris Stone, Bayswater, £10 prize, Aircraft factory.



Miss Lucy Lingard, Highbury, £10 prize. Clerk in an Army Pay Office.



**TONBRIDGE SPORTS.**—E. P. Sorlbe winning the open high jump at the Tonbridge School sports. He cleared 4ft. 10in.



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is an important part of your little daughter's life: but in order to benefit by it her growing body needs support without constraint. The "Liberty Bodice," with its expansion for easy breathing and unimpeded circulation, means perfect freedom of movement and the development of a supple and graceful figure.

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## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADDELPHI.** "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats, Weds and Sat., at 2. **AMBAHRA.** To-night, 8.20. LEE WHITE in new song show "U.S." Every Eve. Mats, Thu, Fri, Sat., 2.45. **APOLLO.** Ger. 3245. Very evening, at 8. Mats, Tues, Fri, Sat., 2.30. Old Joy! A new Musical Play. **BEECHAM OPERA SEASON.** Drury Lane—To-day, at 2. **CAVALIERA RUSSELL.** and "PAGLIACCI." 8. "Boris." **COMEDY.** Evenings, at 8.15. "TALLS UP." A Musical Entertainment. **DAVID LLOYD.** Mats, Wed, and Easter Mon., 2.15. **COURT.** 2.15 and 7.45. Mats, Wed, and Easter Mon., 2.15. "School for Scandal." Twelfth Night. **CRITERION.** Evgs, 8.30. "OUR MR. HEPPLEWHITE." **DALY'S.** Evgs, 8. THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. **DUKE OF YORK'S.** Evgs, 8. THE MAN FROM TORONTO. **GARRICK.** Evgs, 8. Mats, Tues and Sat., 2.30. C. B. Cochran presents Robert Llewellyn at Cyrano de Bergerac. **GLOBE.** Mats, 2.15 and 8.15. "VICTORY." by B. M. Hastings. Mats, Wed, Sat, and Easter Mon., 2.15. **HAYMARKET.** 2.30 and 8. "THE FEMALE HUN." A HIS MAJESTY'S. (3rd Year) CHU CHUN CHOW. **KINGSWAY.** Musical Comedy. **SOLDIER BOY.** Evgs, at 8.15. Mats, Tues, Fri, and Sat., 2.30. **LONDON PAVILION.** C. B. Cochran's "AS YOU WERE." Evgs, 8.20. Mats, Wed and Sat., 2.30. **LYCEUM.** "THE FEMALE HUN." Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. **LYRIC.** DORIS in "ROMEO AND JULIET." **ELLEN PERRY.** Sat. next, April 12. (Gerard 3687.) **LYRIC HAMMERSMITH.** Evgs, 8. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat. **ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** by John Drinkwater. 2.30. **MASKELINE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY.** 3 and 8. **NEW.** Nightly, at 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Irving, L. Dratholite, L. Lion Mats, M. Th, Sat., 2.30. **OXFORD.** Evgs, 8.30. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH." Made Thursday. Mats, Mon, Wed and Sat., 2.30. **PLAYHOUSE.** Evgs, at 8. "THE LUCKY WIFE." **PRINCE'S.** Musical Farce, Mats, To-day, Fri, Sat., 2.30. Last Week. **QUEEN'S.** **NARES.** Evgs, 8.15. Weds and Sat., 2.30. **ROYALTY.** 2.30, Mats, Th, Sat., 2.30. **CEASAR'S WIFE.** by W. S. Maugham. For Comm. O. A. Sat., 2.30. **ST. JAMES.** Gertrude Elliott in "EVES OF YOUTH." To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. **MATINEES.** Wed and Sat., at 2.30. **ST. MARTIN'S.** Evgs, at 8. **SLEIGHT OF PART.** **SEYMOUR HICKS.** Mats, Tues and Sat., 2.30. **SAVILL.** Gilbert and Sullivan's "NOVEMBER THE TRUTH." 2.30, 8.15. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat., 2.30. **SCALA.** MATHEW LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK." 2.30. **SHAFESBURY.** Evgs, 8.15. Last Week. **SHAFESBURY.** Evgs, 8.15. Last Week. **STRAND-ARTHUR BOUTCHER** in "SCANDAL." Evgs, 8. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat., 2.30. **VAUDEVILLE.** At 8.15. Nelson Keys in BUZZ BUZZ. Revue. Margaret Bannerman, Mats, Tu, Th, Fri, Sat., 2.30.

**WYNDHAM'S—THE LAW DIVINE.** A Comedy by H. V. Esmond. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Tues, Weds, Sat., 2.30. **ALHAMBRA.** Evgs, 8. Mats, Wed, Th, Sat., 2.15. "King of Broadway." Violet Lorraine, Gus McNaughton. **COLISEUM.** (Ger. 7541.) 2.30, 7.45. Godfrey Tearle and Co. **BOALIE AND BABY.** Charlie Mayne, E. A. Roberts. **HIPPODROME.** London—2.30, 8.30. JOY-BELLS! **HITLER.** KELLING, GHO. ROBY, etc. Ger. 680. **PALACE.** Evgs, at 8. Mon, Wed and Sat, at 2. **HULLO AMERICA!** Elsie Davis, Maurice Chevalier, Billy Merson. **PALLADIUM.** 2.30, 6 and 8.45. Ruth Vinson, George Graves and Co. **HARRY WILSON.** Gus Elen, Hilda Glyder. **PHILHARMONIC HALL.** Or. Portland—W. TH. CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. 2.30, 8.15. **GRAFTON GALLERIES.** W.E.A.F. Exhibition. "War in the Air." Guards Band, Daily, 10—8. Sun., 2.30—8.30. **NEW GALLERY.** "The Life of Nelson." At 2.30, 4.35, and 8. Donald Calhoun at Nelson. **QUEEN'S (Small Hall).** Tea Dance, 4 p.m. (4s. 6d.) Evening Dance, 8 p.m. (Erg Dress (6s. 6d.). Jazz Band.

## PERSONAL.

**CAPTAIN'S WIDOW.**—Forgiven—Lucky. **ENID.**—Write Dads or Spill at once; most important. Address: "Daily Mirror" Office, 33, Boulevard, London, E.C.4. **OFFICERS' Second-hand Uniform, Matti, Jewellery, Boots, Trunks, Underwear, Everything.** World's largest second-hand dealers. Wholesale, retail, buying, selling. Outfitting. The best-known firm in the officers' second-hand trade—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport. **SUPERFLOUS Hair** permanently removed from face with electricity; 3d. only—see Florence Wood, 20, Great-st. Garden, Shepherd's Bush Green, W.12. **SUPERFLOUS Hairs** thoroughly destroyed; complete permanent cure guaranteed; plain wrapper, 3s. 3d.—Mary Hamilton, Temple-row, Birmingham. **BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Lace Handkerchiefs,** 3s. 6d. each; 3 for 10s.; edging one inch deep, corners turned—Mrs. Armstrong, Lace Industry, Olney, Bucks.

## MISSING SOLDIERS.

1785 SGT. H. J. PAINE, A Coy, 8th Batt "The Buffs." Missing in France on the Somme, Aug. 18, 1918.—News to Mrs. E. Paine, 13 Canonbury-st., Canonbury, N. **L/CPL. B. OAKLEY,** 202378, A Coy, 4th Battalion, R. Fus., missing since March 23, 1917. Any information would be gratefully received by W. Oakley, of Boxley, William, Letchworth, Herts. **Hampstead,** would be grateful for any information regarding her husband, P. W. Hearn 76987, 7th Durham Light Infantry. Missing since April 13, 1918. **PTE. FRED GOODIE,** 202015, D Coy, 14th Pion., 27th Div. West India Inf. B. D. O. V., missing May 3, 1917, at Bullecourt, news concerning him would be gratefully received by his mother, Mrs. William Goodie, Chapel End, Atherstone.

## GARDENING.

**WITTE'S Manure Co.** Hereford, supply Garden and Allotment Manure, using all crops and soils; prevent disease—14lb. 8s. 6d.; 28lb. 6s.; carriage paid; lists free; famous for 40 years.



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**SPRATTS** when purchasing food for your Dogs, Poultry, or Cage Birds, because some foods thought to be SPRATTS are not SPRATTS at all. Look for the name and Trade Mark X.

**Spratt's Chicken Meal & "Chiko"** (The Dry) ensure rapid development of frame and body from the moment the chicks leave the shell.

In Sealed Bags, of all Dealers. Write for free booklet on Poultry Culture, Spratt's Patent Ltd., 24-26, Finchchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

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"Every lady who values her complexion and the appearance of her hands should know of the wonderful value of

**Strodona**

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This (non-greasy) Skin Food contains Boracic, Oatmeal and Witch Hazel. Ask chemists for it. 1/6 and 1/2, or send 2d. extra postage to

**STRODE COSH & PENFOLD, Broadmead, Bristol.**





A new picture of Miss Nellie Brieffille, playing Joyce Chatterton in "The Boy" at the Adelphi Theatre.



Miss Wendoline Dove is engaged to Lieut. Bennett, D.S.C., son of Sir Courtenay Bennett, C.I.E.

## A CENTRE PARTY.

Will There Be Anti-Dumping Legislation?—Farce Comedian for Scriptural Drama.

THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM of groups in Legislatures appears to be getting acclimated on the banks of the Thames. I hear that a strong section of Unionists and Constitutional Liberals is forming itself into a Centre Party for putting forward social legislation. After Easter it hopes to be 150 strong.

### The Coming Budget.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is very busy seeing all sorts of financial experts and hearing all kinds of proposals for new taxation. One thing seems certain, and that is that the Chancellor may help himself to a large proportion of war fortunes.

### Keeping It Up.

Midnight deputations to Ministers are rare. But Welsh members of Parliament pressing for an independent Board of Health for Wales kept Dr. Addison at it the other night until nearly twelve o'clock. This is adding a new terror to Ministerial life.

### Anti-Dumping M.P.

Mr. Bonar Law will soon have pressure put upon him to bring in a Bill to limit "dumping" at the earliest possible moment. The Prime Minister is also to be approached on the subject.

### Wounded M.P.

Lieutenant-Colonel "Tom" Parry, who was the last M.P. to take the oath, is also the only member elected as a hospital patient. He is now a good deal better. I am pleased to hear, but the wound he got at Gaza still causes him some trouble. Colonel Parry, by the way, swears by General Allenby, whom he regards as one of our greatest soldiers.

### Making Good.

Chatting with some Labour leaders last evening, I found that Sir Robert Horne has made a great impression on them by his transparent sincerity. "Horne is going to make good," predicted one of the leaders.

### Sir A. Geddes' Temperament.

Sir Robert Borden tells me that Sir Auckland Geddes is, perhaps, misunderstood in this country, because of his externally calm temperament. "There is authenticity at the centre," said Sir Robert of the British Minister. No man is really broader in his social sympathies.

### Good News for Postmen.

I hear a rumour that the hideous and undignified headgear worn by London's postmen is to be remodelled and made smarter. The present hat, with fore and aft peaks, was, I believe, first introduced when the late Duke of Norfolk was P.M.G.

### New See.

The forecast in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that Dr. Winifred Burrows, Bishop of Truro, would be translated to the See of Chichester aroused great interest. He was enthroned as Bishop of Truro seven years ago, having previously been Archdeacon of Birmingham and vicar of St. Augustine's, Edgbaston, a notable "High" church.



Dr. Burrows.

### A Rowing Man.

The Bishop, when at Oxford, plied a useful oar. He is a widower, having lost his wife, a daughter of the late Right Hon. J. G. Talbot, after only a year of married life.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

### Auto-crate and Prince.

Even princes cannot always get a taxicab. I noticed Prince Albert at the corner of Bond-street yesterday signalling vainly to passing auto-crats. Finally he crossed the road and jumped into the bus which goes down Grosvenor-gardens.

### Infantry Obsolete?

I saw Mr. Johnson-Hicks at the dinner of the Blackburn Aeroplane Company the other night. He is convinced that the R.A.F. won the last war (as I suppose we may call it now), and he forecasts the next war as a fight between bombing squadrons, in which the infantry will merely follow the advancing aircraft to consolidate the positions that have been gained by the devastating flying men.

### Chinese Apathy.

Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes was there, too, and confessed that he always goes to the window when he hears an aeroplane. He could not sympathise with the Chinaman who was asked whether he did not think the aeroplane wonderful in flight, and replied: "But, surely, it is meant to do that."

### "Contemptible" Retired.

I see that Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Bond, D.S.O., has just been retired on half pay. He commanded the "Koylis" and went to France with the Contemptibles in 1914, being reported as killed. It was afterwards discovered that he was in German hands.

### Once Bit—

On one occasion he asked the commandant of the prison camp if he would grant an "unofficial" interview. The unsuspecting Hun did so, and listened to some home truths re-



Miss Vivien Russell, playing lead in "The Boy Comes Home" at the Victoria Palace.



Miss Sheila Morrish, of the Women's Legion, engaged to Major Grenfell, M.C.

garding conditions in the camp. Colonel Bond was never allowed to speak "unofficially" again.

### Superstition.

In Fleet-street yesterday a ladder was leaning across the pavement. Some pedestrians went boldly underneath, others stepped out into the road. A country clergyman came along, and I watched with interest to see whether the Church would rise superior to superstition.

### White on Black.

My hopes were disappointed. The parson stepped out into the mud of the street rather than pass under the ladder. But, perhaps, he feared that the painter working above might spoil his black clothes.

### Our New Serial.

Having read many of the chapters of "A Slip of a Girl," Mr. Sidney Warwick's new *Daily Mirror* serial, I have come to the conclusion that it is one of the best stories that have ever appeared in these pages. You will think so, too, on Friday morning.

### "See Me Dance"—

I saw the polka danced in a room where hitherto only jazzing had been done. It seemed to be popular, and the "roxy" music added to its attraction. I should not be surprised if the teachers who say it is going to catch on were right.

### Bicycling at Bagshot.

Lady Patricia and Commander Ramsay who are for the moment making Bagshot their headquarters, are often seen cycling about the roads. They share a taste in common for the wheel.

### The Father's Beauty.

Major Richard Jack, who was one of the Beauty Prize judges, has just returned from France in time to finish his portrait of his daughter Doris, which is to be sent in to the Academy. Miss Jack has been a V.A.D., with a fine record of service.

### Legislator-Dramatist.

I expect that a good many of his Labour colleagues will go to see Mr. James Sexton's play, "The Riot Act," when it is put on at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith—as I hear it will be when "Abraham Lincoln" comes to an end. The docker M.P.'s play, which, as may be gathered, deals with Labour problems, was first produced in Liverpool, I believe.

### Who'll Buy a Box?

Buy a box? No; not a box of matches, but a box at the Coliseum for Mr. George Robey's concert in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation. *The Daily Mirror* has laid out a hundred guineas on a box, and is prepared to sell it again to the highest bidder. Some of the most famous "stars" in the theatrical firmament will shine on this occasion.

### Eve at the N.S.C.

A rumour reaches me that certain members of the N.S.C. are agitating for the admission of ladies on Monday nights. Should this come to pass, the "Lodge" will, I suppose, be the next masculine stronghold to surrender.

### The Wedding Gift.

The most appreciated wedding gift of a day is a small house or a flat. It has even ousted the useful and popular cheque. A bride-to-be of my acquaintance who has been for three or four weeks tramping London in search of a future home, almost swooned with rapture when a wealthy uncle presented a charming house on his own property.

### At the Coliseum.

Mr. A. A. Milne's bright little playlet, "The Boy Comes Home," was produced at the Victoria Palace some weeks ago, so needs no introduction. At the Coliseum this week Mr. Godfrey Tearle takes Mr. Owen Nares' place as the "Boy," and succeeds in getting into the good graces of the audience in quick time. There are several other first-rate items on this week's bill.

### Ridiculous to Sublime.

Mr. Ernest Thesiger has been seen in London mostly in the most frivolous of farces, such as the long-running "Little Bit of Pluff" and "A Week-End." Wherefore we shall look forward to seeing him in Mr. Arnold Bennett's serious drama, "Judith," which Miss Lillah McCarthy will bring to the Kingsway are long. From bedroom farce to scriptural plays is a big jump.



Mr. Ernest Thesiger.

### Early Opening.

The critics do not often find their convenience studied by theatrical managers. But Miss Doris Keane is starting "Romeo and Juliet" on Saturday at half-past seven, which will give the Sunday Pressmen a little more time for consideration of their views.

### A Narrow Escape.

The new Lancashire County cricket captain, Lieutenant M. N. Kenyon, had a narrow escape in the Mediterranean. He was on the ill-fated hospital ship the Dover Castle when she was torpedoed and sunk by the Huns.

### On the River.

There will be something like pre-war activity on the river this Easter, judging from all signs. The New Zealand crews are very active, and their champion amateur sculler, D. C. Hadfield, tried his paces with Ernie Barry on Sunday.

### Historic Colours.

I hear that we shall see the famous Rothschild "blue and yellow" carried in the City and Suburban by Gallop Light. The horse has made excellent progress in the winter. It is a pity he is not engaged in the Derby.

### The Retort Effective.

The French Customs officer at Boulogne asked the returning Londoner: "Are you taking any French money out of the country?" The Londoner grimly answered: "Monsieur, I've been in Paris a week."

THE RAMBLER.



## Gooseberries in April.

THE palate simply yearns for gooseberries in April, and the young fruit is more tempting now than later in the Season.

If your mouth is watering for gooseberries ask to have them stewed and served with FREEMAN'S CUSTARD. There is nothing more delicious than these seasonable dishes at this time of the year.

FREEMAN'S CUSTARD is the nearest approach to Devonshire Cream, and softens the sharpness of the fruit to a nicety.



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# FREEMAN'S CUSTARD



PEOPLE IN THE STORY.  
URSULA LORIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.  
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.  
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

A BAD INVESTMENT.  
PUNELLI did all he could to comfort Ursula. He told her that after all, illness it was quite an ordinary thing to lose one's voice. The little man assured her with tears in his eyes that he himself had known many such cases. He implored her to be patient, and that in a little while all would be well.

Ursula hardly listened to him. Perhaps in his heart she knew how vain were his assurances. The calmness of despair had fastened upon her. This was the end of the little that she made life worth living—it had seemed poor consolation enough during the past weeks—and now even that had been snatched from her. She almost hated him for his kindness. She wished he would go. Just as she was wondering how she could get rid of him, Elsa and the nurse returned.

Ursula made a swift appeal to Punelli.

"Don't tell them—please don't say anything to them."

She made a tremendous effort to appear as usual. She laughed and chatted away during tea-time as if she had not a care in the world.

And the voice? How did you find the night-ingle? Elsa asked of Punelli. "I see you have been trying the piano?"

Ursula answered for him. "I am a bit of a crowd, and he would only let me try one song," she said recklessly. "The piano is bad, but I think my voice is worse!"

"It will come back when you are well," Elsa said comfortingly. She was glad to see Ursula in such good spirits. She was sorry when Punelli had to leave to catch his train.

Ursula rose to leave.

"I am going to the station with him," she insisted, though they told her she would be over-tired.

"I'm not a scrap tired," she declared. "I shall never be well if you will persist in making such an invalid of me."

Elsa let her go reluctantly.

"She certainly looks much better," she said to the nurse as they watched her down the road. "She has quite a colour."

"Which is not always a good sign," the elder woman said quietly. "She had not felt at all happy about Ursula. 'She looks very excited to me and over-strung,' she added. 'I suppose nervousness has been opened to upset her!'"

Elsa looked startled.

"Why, what could have happened?" She went to the window and looked down the road after Ursula and the little Italian.

They were walking slowly, and talking earnestly.

"She looks ever so much better I think," Elsa said. "She would not have thought so had she seen at Ursula's face at that moment; would certainly not have thought so could she have heard her high, excited voice."

"You won't tell me the truth, I know, but I can see what you think. You think my voice has gone—that it will never come back? Oh,

if you do think so, you might tell me. Surely it's only cruel to make me hope that some day it will be all right again, if you know it never will?"

She answered her in distress that he had no reason to believe she would never sing again; that it was only rest she wanted, a long rest; but he kept his eyes carefully averted from her as she spoke, and suddenly Ursula seemed to understand that the dread in her heart was a conviction in the mind of this man.

She had lost her voice—she had lost everything.

She grew suddenly calm. She bade him goodbye as the station quite unemotionally, and when he spoke of seeing her back in London before long, she answered that she hoped he would.

"I think I shall stay down here for a few weeks yet though," she said. "My friend, Mrs. Spicer, is expecting her husband soon."

She stood on the platform and stared after the train long after it had disappeared in the cutting. What was the use of going home? There seemed no home to go home for!

She was unwanted in the world, Elsa's friendship was the only thing left to her. Oh, why was life so unfair?

She became aware presently that people were looking at her with curiosity, and she turned and walked out of the station mechanically. Only this morning the world had seemed such a beautiful place, in its new spring dress and with the warm sun. She had made up her mind not to give way—to pull herself together and make something of the years that lay before her, but now, at one fell swoop, that determination had been taken, too.

There was nothing to look forward to, unless she went back to keep house for Henry March. A little shudder swept her as she thought of it. She would rather be dead than settle down to the sort of life her aunt had been forced to lead.

She could marry Baily, certainly if she wished, and for a moment she thought of him with a sense of gratitude. He cared for her;

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

he would give her a home and affection, at least; and, in her present mood, they seemed great things to possess.

She thought of the man who had generously given her the money with which to train her voice, and she laughed wretchedly.

He had shown no interest in her, in spite of the fact that she had come to him. She hoped he would be disappointed when he heard that as a mere investment she had failed him.

She supposed she would have to return the money still unspent. The bulk of it remained, she knew. Simpson Junior had invested it for her.

He would be sorry, too, she thought—oh, quite a number of people would be sorry for her when they knew what had happened! She wondered if she could hear their pity.

Perhaps Jake would hear if it . . . Tears rushed to her eyes, but they were only tears of self-pity.

He did not care what became of her. She wished she had died when she lay so ill a month ago.

She got back to the cottage and walked up the little path to the front door. She could hear Elsa's voice inside, laughing and talking. She was always happy! How unfairly things were divided in this world!

She pushed open the sitting-room door and entered; then she stood quite still in the doorway, for Elsa was not alone. John Spicer and Jake Rattray were there with her.

THE DARKEST HOUR.  
FOR a moment everything in the world seemed to have come to a standstill. She was conscious of a great silence all about her. It was a dream, she told herself dully. Of course it was a dream, for the fact of the torturing dreams that had followed her during the last weeks of illness.

In a moment she would wake and find them just phantoms of her overstrung imagination, for Elsa had had risen and were looking at her so strangely.

Jake was so white, and his eyes seemed to burn as they met her own. She moved forward mechanically and took his offered hand.

He did not know who she was here, she heard him say, and his voice was real enough. She shook hands with Spicer, the feeling of unreality still upon her. Then she sat down in a chair Elsa had drawn up for her, and the two began conversation as if all around them were not.

Elsa was nervous and unhappy. She had not received her husband's wire announcing the time of their arrival. She had had no chance to tell Jake that Ursula was here with her before the girl had dared not look at her.

She talked on unceasingly in a high, unnatural voice.

Jake hardly took his eyes from Ursula's face. How ill she looked, he thought with a pang! I am glad to know you are here, he said, meeting her eyes, and she roused herself with an effort to answer that she was almost well.

Ursula hates being coddled, Elsa said, laughing nervously. "She was quite a good patient while she was really ill, but now—"

She shrugged her shoulders.

Ursula's eyes flamed as she looked at her. Her nerves were torn and on edge. She knew that this meeting with Jake had been purposely planned, and in her overstrung state she almost hated those whom she knew had planned it.

"I didn't want to get well," she said hoarsely. Then she bit her lip, wishing she could have recalled the words. She forced a laugh.

"What a silly thing to say!" she said hopelessly. "I don't know why I said it."

Jake rose and walked over to the window. He understood, if the others did not. He wondered how long this torture, which was yet just a step off heaven, must last.

Somebody called Elsa from the room. She went gladly, relieved to escape from the tragedy which she felt was being silently enacted beneath her eyes. Her husband followed. Out in the passage she caught his hand.

"Oh, John, we ought not to have done it! Did you see Ursula's face? It was like death."

"Happiness never kills," he answered. "He put an arm round her. 'Can't you leave them to work out their own salvation?' he asked jealously. 'I have not seen you for a month.'"

"You ought to have let me know you were coming today," she told him.

"My darling child, I wired! I did all I could! It's not my fault if you never got the message."

Jake would never forgive us either," Elsa said hopelessly.

"Jake will thank you all his life," her husband answered with conviction.

He would not have thought so, could he have seen his friend at that moment. Jake had turned from the window and was looking across to where Ursula was sitting by the fire.

Useless to try and be natural, he knew, when the whole situation was so hopelessly strained and forced.

Ursula was quite conscious of his gaze, but she never raised her eyes. Her hands were clasping the arms of the chair in which she sat. She felt that if she let go, she would fall.

The silence was unbroken for some seconds, then Jake said hoarsely: "They did not tell you I was coming here!"

No.

"I did not know that you were to be here, either," he said. She looked up then.

"No, I suppose not, or, of course, you would not have come," she answered.

Her heart was racing so that she felt as if she must choke. Her eyes took in every detail of his face with piteous eagerness.

"What do you mean?" Jake asked.

She gave a hard little laugh.

"Isn't it rather absurd to ask?" she said.

"Don't you think the game of pretence has been kept up long enough?" Her eyes burned

as they met his. "I suppose I ought to thank you for having taught me my first lesson," she added.

"Ursula!"

She rose from her chair, one hand held out to ward him off. There was a bright spot of colour in her cheeks.

"Oh, please don't," she said, breathlessly. "It's all so useless. I suppose I ought not to have said anything to you at all. I dare say it's a great want of pride, but to-day, somehow—"

she drew a long breath—"oh, I think to-day I've hated you for the first time, for what you've done to my life."

Jake stood quite still, his hands resting on a chair-back, his eyes fixed on her face. He knew how overstrung and excited she was; knew how bad the excitement of this unexpected meeting must be for her, but for the life of him he could not find the power to put an end to it.

She had said that it was time the game of pretence between them was ended. Well, he would help her put an end to it.

"You are thinking of . . . that day you came with me to my rooms," he said, quietly. "I should never have spoken of it to you but for meeting you to-day. I went away to avoid you—for your sake."

He drove his words at her. "You don't believe me, I suppose. Well, it's the truth! Perhaps I was wrong, but . . . it seemed for the best; and now . . . as Fate seems so keen on throwing us together," he said, bitterly, "I am going to tell you the truth."

She broke in agitatedly.

"I don't want to hear. It's of no interest to me." She looked towards the door. "Oh, I will never forgive them for this!" she added, sobbing.

Jake crossed the room and stood so that she could not leave it without passing him. His eyes were very tender as they rested on her flushed face.

"I hope you won't think I'm trying only to defend myself, or make excuses," he said.

Mr. Sidney Warwick is one of the most gifted of our younger novelists. "A SLIP OF A GIRL," which commences on Friday. Order your "Daily Mirror" in advance.

steadily. "If—if things had gone as I meant them to go I should have been on the other side of the world now, and it could not have mattered to anyone why I went away; but as things are . . ."

There was a little silence, but Ursula did not attempt to speak, and he went on mechanically.

"When I first met you—the night before Spicer's wedding—I knew that I'd only got a short time to live. I'd been knocked about a bit in France, and they say I must always have

St. Claire, as you know—and she threw me over because I did not get my uncle's money, as I had expected. . . ."

Ursula turned her face away.

"I did not tell her . . . what the doctors had said, because I thought it was better to leave things as they were. . . . Then—then I met you!"

Ursula moved restlessly. Jake moved away from the door and came to stand closer beside her.

"I loved you from the first moment we met," he said, unemotionally. "I tried to hide the fact from myself, but it was useless." Then—when you suddenly changed towards me, and were—kind, I tried to make myself believe that friendship was all I wanted. . . . I soon found out what a fool-thought that was. . . . Then—then the day I was ill, and—and. . . . He could not so on, and Ursula broke in passionately:—

"I will not listen. How dare you remind me of these things? Do you think I care?"

Jake caught her hands. He held them fast, looking down into her white face with searching eyes; then he said deliberately:—

"Yes—I think you do! I hope with all my heart and soul you do."

She tried to free herself from him, but weakness overcame her, and she broke down into tears of weakness and humiliation.

Jake put her gently into a chair. He walked away from her to the window and looked out into the sunshine with eyes that were blind.

"I did not mean to say that," he broke out hoarsely. "I love you. You must know that I do. . . . It was for your sake that I went away. I hoped you would forget me—I wanted you to. . . . No, no—God forgive me, I don't mean that—I hardly know what I am saying."

He came back, and taking her hand, raised it to his lips.

Listen, Ursula—listen, and try and understand the position I was in. I'd have given my life to marry you, but it was impossible. Spicer knew, and he told me what I had been telling myself all along—that I was behaving like a coward—for your sake, he meant! You see, dear, it wasn't as if you had nothing in life but . . . but love! There was your future—your voice. . . ."

Ursula raised her head slowly. The tears were wet on her face. Her lips trembled as she spoke.

"And now?" she said tonelessly. "What am I to do now that I haven't even got that?"

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.

Ursula Lorimer.

## The A.P. Apologises

THE Amalgamated Press, Ltd., publishers of "Playtime," desire to apologise to those numerous members of the public who have been unable to obtain copies of this new coloured picture paper for boys and girls.

So enormous was the demand for it that copies could not be turned out fast enough. Will all parents who read this please ask their children not to feel too disappointed. The printing machines are working at full speed, and all orders for "Playtime" will be executed just as soon as possible. The only way to make sure that the children get it week by week is to ask a newsagent to deliver it regularly.

ORDER TO-DAY

# PLAYTIME

THE BEST  
COLOURED  
Picture  
and Story  
Paper  
for all  
Boys and Girls.

24 pages of CLEAN and HEALTHY Fun.  
Every Wednesday. Price 2d.





BABY VINCE.

## "Virol upheld its reputation"

30, Occupation Road, Sheepridge, Huddersfield.

Dear Sirs,  
At the age of three months baby was under the average weight, and in a more or less comatose state. Virol was tried and thoroughly upheld its reputation, the daily improvement being wonderful, and now at the age of 12 months and weighing 25 lbs., everyone is unanimous in saying he is the finest baby they have ever seen. As his parents are both under 84 stones in weight, to Virol, not nature, must the improvement be attributed.—Yours gratefully,

Mrs. E. VINCE.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh strong bones and good colour.



In Jars, 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3.  
Virol Ltd., 148-150, Old St., London, E.C.2.  
BRITISH MADE & BRITISH OWNED  
G.B.P.

## Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to wash the stomach, liver, kidneys and the intestines of the previous day's waste, bile, and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood, causing headache, bilious attacks, bad breath and taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply cannot get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the chemist. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening, and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and intestines. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

## TRIALS OF A \$500 BEAUTY WINNER.

Heaps of Bouquets and Mascots for Miss Sabbage.

### "PROPOSALS" BY WIRE.

No neighbour could fail to observe that something notable has taken place in the neighbourhood of the road in Norwood where Miss Miriam Sabbage, first prize-winner in *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition, lives with her parents.

Vans stop to deliver floral bouquets, and parcels of luck-bringing mascots pour in with every post.

"I have received so far nearly 1,000 letters and telegrams of congratulations from all over the country, and nearly all from strangers, of course," Miss Sabbage told *The Daily Mirror*.

"A cruiser detachment in the North Sea wants me to inspect them; an air squadron wants me to go up with them to bring luck."

"A firm at Bournemouth offers me the unlined use of motor cars and carriages should I decide to add a honeymoon to my other success!"

### QUANT MARRIAGE OFFERS.

"As for proposals, I have already received two dozen by wire. Isn't it ridiculous?" "One man wants me to give my blessing on the expedition to discover a new star."

"An American in 'hospital his' called from Lewisham. He said he had seen America's most beautiful women at Chicago, and could not go back to the other side until he saw England's. When could I make an appointment for him to visit me?"

"Five mothers have written to say that they are calling their babies after me, and one wants to know if I will adopt a baby!"

The letters which have given her real pleasure, says the beauty queen, are those from other competitors, who write that they do not regret being beaten by so beautiful a woman, and that they would like to make her acquaintance. "Several seaside places have offered me hotel accommodation through the summer if I will come during their season, but I want quiet and rest."

The 50,000 competitors came from the following countries:

Theatres of war, 500 (two prizewinners); England, 37,000; Wales, 5,000; Scotland, 4,500; Ireland, 3,000.

It is noticeable that though the Irish competitors were fewer than the Scottish they won more prizes. Two of three Irish winners hailed from Belfast.

## RED RULE IN RUSSIA.

Famished People Too Weak To Do a Day's Work.

Further light is thrown on the terrible situation in Russia by the publication in the Swedish Social Demokraten of an interview with the Advocate Puntervold, who visited Russia to investigate on behalf of the Trade Unions Federation of Norway.

"People in Russia," said Mr. Puntervold, "are starving to an extent which no one here can realise. There is famine in the fullest meaning of the word. Distress is spread over the whole of the population; starvation has become organic."

"If one were compelled to live on the rations one would without doubt die of starvation within a couple of months. It is the illegal trading which makes it possible for people to live."

"From want of food the workpeople are so weak that they cannot carry out even a day's work."

### "BOY, I AM PROUD OF YOU."

Woman Secretary's Story at U.S. Court-Martial on Airman.

More evidence was heard yesterday at the court-martial at U.S. Navy Headquarters concerning the charges of "scandalous conduct" against the woman secretary of Captain Chamberlain, Edmund G. Chamberlain, of the United States Marine Corps.

Mrs. D. M. McCreary, formerly confidential secretary to Captain Cone, who commanded the U.S. Corps in France, is said to have been at headquarters in Paris one morning Captain Chamberlain came in and Captain Cone got up and congratulated him for what he had done.

"He put his arm round Captain Chamberlain's shoulder," said witness, "and said: 'Boy, I am proud to get up to congratulate you.'"

The hearing was adjourned.

## PREMIER AND DISABLED.

Mr. Lloyd George, in a letter appealing to employers and trade unions to give special attention to disabled ex-soldiers, said that the State will provide industrial training for a man for work if he cannot resume his old vocation, but the first step is obviously for employers, wherever possible, to reinstate their old workmen.

The Prime Minister says he is confident that industry, by organising its ranks and speeding up production, can provide the opportunity for honest labour and remuneration for every workman in the land.

## ALWAYS WANTED.

Secret of the Great Circulation of "The Daily Mirror." WONDERFUL FIGURES.

What is the secret of the wonderful rise this year in the circulation of *The Daily Mirror*? The secret of the extraordinary circulation figures appended below lies in the fact that *The Daily Mirror* is the paper the public always wants.

The circulation of *The Daily Mirror* is the largest of any daily pictorial newspaper published anywhere in the world, and the largest but one of any newspaper in Great Britain. The circulation figures for the last six months of 1918 and in detail, for January, February and March, 1919, have been audited by Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., whose report follows:—

April 4, 1919.  
To The Pictorial Newspaper Co. (1910), Ltd., 23-29, Boulevard-street, E.C.4.

Gentlemen,—We have examined the books of *The Daily Mirror* from July 1 to December 31, 1918, and certify that the average daily circulation (exclusive of free and complimentary copies) for each month was as follows:—

1918.	Copies.	1919.	Copies.
JULY	758,039	February 15	850,795
AUGUST	787,059	February 16	845,745
SEPTEMBER	791,329	February 17	848,291
OCTOBER	815,463	February 18	847,798
NOVEMBER (Armistice, November 11, 1918)	831,063	February 19	847,857
DECEMBER (publication on Christmas Day or Boxing Day)	815,199	February 20	845,581

We have also examined the books of *The Daily Mirror* from January 1 to March 31, 1919, and certify that the average daily circulation (exclusive of free and complimentary copies) was as follows:—

1919.	Copies.	1919.	Copies.
January 1	894,371	February 15	850,795
" 2	786,962	February 16	845,745
" 3	805,588	February 17	848,291
" 4	805,588	February 18	847,798
" 5	807,829	February 19	847,857
" 6	808,209	February 20	845,581
" 7	808,209	February 21	852,962
" 8	808,209	February 22	852,962
" 9	808,209	February 23	852,962
" 10	808,209	February 24	852,962
" 11	812,733	February 25	856,943
" 12	812,733	February 26	856,943
" 13	812,733	February 27	856,943
" 14	812,733	February 28	856,943
" 15	812,733	February 29	856,943
" 16	812,733	February 30	856,943
" 17	812,733	March 1	856,943
" 18	812,733	March 2	856,943
" 19	812,733	March 3	856,943
" 20	812,733	March 4	856,943
" 21	812,733	March 5	856,943
" 22	812,733	March 6	856,943
" 23	812,733	March 7	856,943
" 24	812,733	March 8	856,943
" 25	812,733	March 9	856,943
" 26	812,733	March 10	856,943
" 27	812,733	March 11	856,943
" 28	812,733	March 12	856,943
" 29	812,733	March 13	856,943
" 30	812,733	March 14	856,943
" 31	812,733	March 15	856,943
February 1	840,918	March 16	856,943
" 2	840,918	March 17	856,943
" 3	840,918	March 18	856,943
" 4	840,918	March 19	856,943
" 5	840,918	March 20	856,943
" 6	840,918	March 21	856,943
" 7	840,918	March 22	856,943
" 8	840,918	March 23	856,943
" 9	840,918	March 24	856,943
" 10	840,918	March 25	856,943
" 11	840,918	March 26	856,943
" 12	840,918	March 27	856,943
" 13	840,918	March 28	856,943
" 14	840,918	March 29	856,943
" 15	840,918	March 30	856,943
" 16	840,918	March 31	856,943

We are, yours faithfully,  
DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS AND CO.,  
Chartered Accountants.

## "FUTURIST" FLOWERS.

Some Floral Freaks and Fashions at the Royal Horticultural Show.

The Royal Horticultural Hall held a "beauty competition" yesterday, when its doors were thrown open to 3,000 competitors among flowers, ranging from the graceful drooping daffodil to stately roses and other varieties.

Chief among the beauties, *The Daily Mirror* found was a Wivelsfield carnation, whose waistcoat of salmon pink and pale buff stood in solemn contrast to a Futurist carnation whose face looked as though it had been dipped in a paint pot.

Victory was written on the faces of the spiked orchids, who held a court of their own. Among the family of *Odontoglossum Crispum* was a snow-clad beauty with a chocolate mouth. A carnation in the shape of a lady's slipper was another orchid.

## JUDGE ON "SMALL SQUABBLE."

Mr. Justice Rowlatt, in the King's Bench Division, yesterday, heard a claim for alleged slander and false imprisonment brought against Commander Redmond Walter McGrath, R.N.V.R., Lieutenant Norman G. F. Snelling, R.N.V.R., and Lieutenant Lord Angus Kennedy, by Mr. Charles Oliver Clark.

Mr. Justice Rowlatt regretted to have had to try the action because it brought to light rather a small squabble. It was clear there had been friction between plaintiff and the officers.

His Lordship awarded plaintiff £10 damages and costs.

## SIMS' TRIBUTE TO RED ENSIGN.

"If it had not been for the men of the merchant marine, the Allies would have gone 'to blazes'—the efforts of their Armies and navies would have been fruitless."

"Not half enough credit is given to the brave Britishers and others who, although torpedoed many times, stuck to the sea."—Admiral Sims (transmitted by Central News New York Correspondent).



To Every Father

DON'T merely save for him—teach him to save too. Let him learn now the habit of thrift—that will make all the difference to his future.

Will he want a new bicycle—a fine model—a new outfit for his hobby—any of those things so dear to the heart of the human boy? Teach him to put by his pence and watch them grow. Let him look forward to things he will want in two, three or five years' time and save for a definite object.

And you save for him too. Money saved now and invested in Savings Certificates will grow and grow just as he does.

Sixpences and shillings saved when you can spare them, will mean pounds later on when you will need them—for him!

The very wisest thing you can do for your boy is to buy



You can get them through your SAVINGS ASSOCIATION or from a Bank, Post Office, or Official Agent.



The Perfect Washing Fabric for Dainty Lingerie

THE name means just this: the cosiest yet ariest, the warmest yet lightest of all cotton fabrics for 'undie' wear, both for spring and summer.

It is as dainty in appearance as it is delightful to wear. It washes as well as cambric, and its many 'cute' designs and colourings offer unlimited scope for that touch of personality which every woman in her heart of hearts desires

32 inches wide, 2/11½ per yard.

Plain Ari Shades or Printed. See that the name "Grafton's Chiffonelle" is stamped on the selvage, and on the tab of ready-made garments.

If your local Draper is out of stock, write to Grafton's, 69, Watling Street, E.C.4, and a selection of patterns will be sent to you post free.









## ASK YOUR DRAPER

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# "Clydella"

(Regd)

Specially suitable for the home-making-up of your own SHIRTS and BLOUSES, UNDERWEAR and the CHILDREN'S FROCKS, &c. "Clydella" is ideal wear for the children. "Clydella" will give you every satisfaction, for it will stand any amount of hard wear, is quite unshrinkable, and obtainable in a variety of designs suitable for all purposes.

31 inches wide, 3/3 per yard.



(Regd. Trade Mark)

If any difficulty in obtaining, please write WM. HOLLINS & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 70a), 24, 25, 26, Newgate Street, London, E.C.4, Manufacturers of the celebrated "Vivella" and "AZA" Cloths and Garments.

## THAMES SECRETS.

River Mysteries That Are Baffling the Police.

### TWO STRANGE CASES.

There is a saying amongst the Metropolitan Police that Father Thames keeps his secrets well. Two river mysteries that are at present baffling the police aptly illustrate the truth of the saying.

The more recent was discovered last Saturday, when the body of a partly-dressed woman was found in a suction tank at Chelsea generating station. It is presumed that the body was drawn into the tank through a powerful 9ft. suction pipe connected with the Thames.

There were no marks of violence on the body, which was apparently that of a single woman between the ages of thirty-five and forty, and there were no identity marks on the clothing. On the right hand the deceased woman was wearing a three-stone ring, of no very great value, from which one of the stones was missing. On the left leg were two scars that are stated by the doctor to have been caused by an operation.

Who the woman is remains, and is likely to remain, a mystery.

Curiously enough, they had a record of a woman who was supposed to be missing, and whose description corresponded more or less with the body found in the suction tank. Before the police could follow up the clue, however, the missing woman arrived at the station and asked for a summons against her husband for assault.

"I thought you were in the mortuary," was the officer's comment.

The other river mystery which still remains unsolved is the identity of the naked and headless body of a boy, about two and a half years of age, which was recovered from the Thames near the Anglo-American Oil Company's premises at Fulham on March 25, 1918.

In this case the plans of the police to elucidate the mystery have been unusually elaborate, and their net has been spread over a wide area, all to no avail. Undoubtedly a most brutal and heartless crime is still concealed.

Strange as it may seem, that a woman of forty should disappear, and that a child of two and a half can be brutally murdered and thrown into the river without someone asking questions, these two tragedies will probably remain in the long record of the unsolved mysteries of the Thames.

## "A SMALL SQUABBLE."

£10 Damages for Photographer Who Complained of Arrest.

Mr. Justice Rowlatt, in the King's Bench Division, yesterday, heard a claim for alleged slander and false imprisonment brought against Commander Redmond Walter McGrath, R.N.V.R., Lieutenant Norman G. F. Snodgrass, R.N.V.R., and Lieutenant Lord Angus Kennedy, by Mr. Charles Oliver Clark.

Mr. Hogge, K.C., said plaintiff was instructed to photograph the unloading of a tank at Oldbury, near Birmingham, when a squadron of the R.N.V.R. was quartered. Defendants told him that he had no right to take photographs.

On January 17 Lieutenant Lord Angus Kennedy marched plaintiff in custody of two naval policemen to the office of the commanding officer. Men of the squadron turned and booed and jeered at him.

Lieutenant Oliver Thornycroft, director of experiments of the mechanical warfare department, said he gave plaintiff instructions to take the photographs.

Mr. Ricketts, for the defendants, said they were responsible officers, and not boys out for a lark. They were told no photography was to take place without permission.

Mr. Justice Rowlatt regretted to have had to try the action because it brought to light rather a small squabble. It was clear there had been friction between plaintiff and the officers.

His Lordship awarded plaintiff £10 damages and costs.

## SERVICE GOLFERS.

Women's Interest in Sandy Lodge Competition.

### "SHOT OF A SUPER-MAN."

There was little frivolity at Sandy Lodge yesterday when the qualifying round of the international Active Service amateur golf tournament was played.

The competition is open only to those naval and military men who have actually seen war service.

Lord Eldon walked round with his son, the Hon. Denis Scott, and Lady Beauchamp with her son, who is a keen golfer, were enthusiastic onlookers.

Mrs. Marks, the wife of the hon. secretary, had a busy time seeing to the wants of the players and spectators. She had a Gallipoli military badge pinned in her brown woollen scarf.

"I am strong for the Australians," she told *The Daily Mirror*.

Lieutenant C. H. Fawcett, the Tasmanian champion, wore Mr. Marks' brown tweed golfing coat, "just as a mascot," he told *The Daily Mirror*.

Much interest was taken when Lieutenant Gordon Lockhart, the Irish champion, drove off for the first tee, and a masterly stroke which he played on the second hole was described by one of the women onlookers as the "shot of a super-man."

On a table in the club house stood the two silver cups, the first and second prizes. The champion cup is of massive silver and beautiful design, while that of the "runner-up" is a small replica of the big cup.

These are to be given to the successful competitors by Lord Ebury on Friday.

## NEWS ITEMS.

Triplets—two boys and girl—have been born to Mrs. Emily Dalton, Church-lane, Dublin.

Aide-de-Camp Dead.—Colonel John Edward de Motte, King's aide-de-camp, died yesterday.

Died on His Engine.—John Frew, sixty, expired on his engine at Garsshore siding, the engine coming to a standstill at the buffers.

Killed by Motor-Car.—In the county council election at Penzance, Monmouthshire, a motor car crashed against a wall, killing David Morgan.

Miners' Vote.—The Northumberland miners' vote, to be taken to-day, on the Sankey report is expected to result in a majority for its acceptance.

32,000 teachers would be necessary at the end of three years for the staffing of a system of continuation schools.—Board of Education Memorandum.

Plucky Constable's Death.—Police-Constable Frederick Lambert, Tottenham, has died from injuries received in a plucky attempt to stop a runaway horse.

Swallowing a rabbit bone, which became impacted in his throat, was stated at the inquest yesterday to be the cause of the death of Colonel Horace Walpole.

Sixteen conscientious objectors were released from Pentonville Prison yesterday. *The Daily Mirror* learns, including Mr. A. Fenner Brockway, formerly editor of the *Labour Leader*.

Bread Subsidies cost £50,000,000 a year; payments under the railway agreement were £20,000,000, and the cost of out-of-work donations was £1,250,000 per week.—Mr. A. Chamberlain.

Missing Prisoners.—The motor ambulance party searching for prisoners of war in Germany had finished their work, and search of the German records was being made for 121 men who were known to have been taken prisoners.—Mr. Churchill.

Actor's Fatal Cigarette.—Shock, following burns resultant on his beard catching fire while lighting a cigarette, was said at the inquest yesterday to be the cause of the death of Mr. William Hargreaves, eighty-three, formerly a well-known actor.

# A SKIN CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

Read what a great Skin Specialist says:—

ENORMOUS INTEREST has been aroused by the news of the splendid success attending the discovery of Margarine New Skin Compound by an English lady—a great skin specialist. In the thousands of cases which came under review, it was clearly seen and proved that she was dealing with the worst of known skin disease in record time. Pimples, Blackheads, Chapped Skin, Chillsbains, etc., disappeared as if by magic, and the most serious forms of Eczema, Running Sores, Bad Legs, etc., were entirely overcome in a few days.

"ZEE-KOL," the phenomenal new Skin Compound is called, has cured cases which some of our leading hospitals have given up. Its wonderful power of healing is felt at the first treatment, there is no drawing, no burning, or irritation, only a gentle warmth, and a healthy glow comes through the skin. Zee-Kol soothes the MOST DELICATE

SKIN AND IS NON-POISONOUS. Its power of inoculation is wonderful, its penetrative powers are like nothing ever heard of. It penetrates right through the skin wherever the disease is, even to the bone, which, if diseased, can be cured by Zee-Kol.

## ABSOLUTELY FREE.

The discoverer will send free to all a large sample and a book on the treatment of skin diseases with full particulars of cure and use. Send your name and address, and no postage, to the ZEE-KOL Mfg. Co. (Dept. 9), 39, Mitchell-street, Old-street, London, E.C.1. Further samples from all chemists, including Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Parke's Drug Stores, Hodder's, and Selfridge's, at 1s. 3d. per box, or four times the quantity, 3s.



## Mlle. Gaby Deslys says Foot Troubles are Inexcusable.



When a handful of ordinary refined Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a foot bath will produce oxygenated and medicated water which quickly and permanently drives away the worst

corns, callouses, aches, pains, tenderness, etc. Get a half-pound of this inexpensive compound from any druggist. Try it to-night, but first bid all your foot troubles a final farewell.

Gaby Deslys



## Nurses Recommend Cuticura Soap

It appeals to them because it is so pure and cleansing. It does much to keep the skin clear and healthy especially if assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment to first signs of pimples, redness, roughness or chafing. "It is for toilet use." *Soap & Ointment is 3d. and 2d. sold throughout the Empire.* For thirty-two page skin booklet address: *F. NEWBERRY & SONS, Ltd., 27, Chancery-lane, E.C.4, London.* Also for mail orders with price. *Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.*

## I WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

I Cured it Quickly, Root and All, so it Never Returned.  
I WILL SEND FREE FULL PARTICULARS OF THE SACRED HINDOO SECRET WHICH CURED ME.

For years I was the victim of horrid hair growth on my face and arms. I was a sight. Every time I met another woman with this "manish" mark and saw how it spoiled her looks I became more and more determined to try all the pastes, powders, liquids and other "hair-removers." I never heard of, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.



The native version of India never have any trace of Superfluous Hair. I will send you the secret.

Finally my husband, a medical surgeon, and an officer in the British Army, secured from a native Hindoo soldier (whose life he had saved) the closely guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which forbids Hindoo women to have the slightest trace of facial hair. I used it in a few days all my hair growth had gone. To-day not a trace can be found. It has been killed for ever, root and all. My experience with this wonderful remedy was so remarkable that I feel it my duty to tell my experience to others afflicted that they may profit by it, and not waste their time and money on "worthless concoctions" as I did.

Therefore, for any lady who will send me the coupon below or copy of it, with address, and two penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, I will send you the full particulars of the wonderful method that cured me. I will also send you free particulars of other valuable beauty secrets as soon as they are ready. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss, and address your letter as below.

## THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 2d. stamp.

Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me the full particulars and instructions to cure superfluous hair; also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can. Address: FREDERICA HUDSON, Dept. 104, No. 8, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Mrs. HUDSON belongs to a family long in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, to you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

## Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water.

## 2d. Soups

## NICKEL SILVER WATCHES

Delivered on First Payment of Only You Have 2/- Watch whilst paying for it.



Gent's full size Railway time-keeping Keyless Lever Watch, Stout Nickel Silver or Oxidized Damp and Dustproof cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever movement, splendid Time-keeper. Price for either pocket or wrist 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in dark), 2/- extra. Ladies' Chain or Wrist 2/- extra.

WE will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/-. After receiving Watch, you send us a further 2/- and promise to pay the remaining 11/- by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. 5 years warranty given with every watch.

To avoid disappointment send 2/- and 6d. extra for postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed in rotation.

THE LEVER WATCH CO., Ltd. (Dept. 53), 42a, Stockwell Green, London, S.W.9.

Picture - News from every quarter of the Globe, with the comments of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and Britain's leading publicists on current events in the

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# Daily Mirror

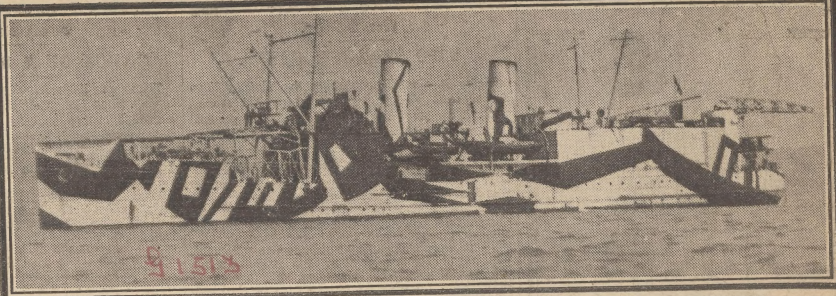
Wednesday, April 9, 1919.

SHOW YOUR PASS PLEASE.



A British sentry examining the credentials of a pedestrian who wishes to pass from the occupied territory to the neutral zone.—(Official photograph.)

## ONE OF THE NAVY'S GIANT AEROPLANE CARRIERS.



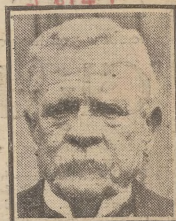
A number of extraordinary looking craft was built by the Admiralty during the war, and this dazzled-painted ship is H.M.S. Nairana, an aeroplane carrier. A machine can be seen on board.



**RETIRING.**—Mr. J. H. Day, a House of Commons messenger, retiring after 28 years' service in the Press gallery.



**AGRICULTURAL FIRST AID.**—Sir James Cantlie, the famous surgeon, shows how stretchers can be swung from a farm wagon. Pitchforks can be used for stretchers.



**OLDEST V.C.**—Colonel Thomas Cadell, V.C., C.B., who has just died in Edinburgh, won the distinction in 1857.

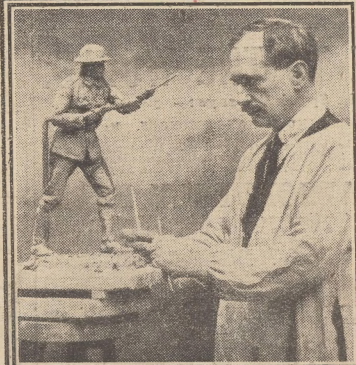


**"SAMMIES" BRITISH BRIDES.**—There have been countless romances between British girls and Overseas soldiers, and during the year thousands of young women have left for

the Dominions or the United States with their husbands. The photograph shows the brides of American sailors and soldiers on board a transport at New York.



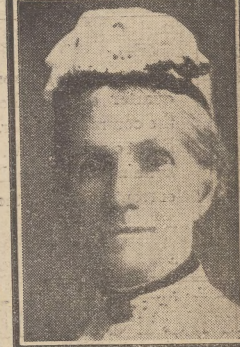
**WEDDING FOLLOWS RESCUE.**—The Rev. C. V. A. MacBearn and his wife. They became engaged after Mrs. MacBearn rescued her husband from drowning at Malta.



**ENSURING ACCURACY.**—Mr. J. Tweed, the sculptor, visited the battlefields to get correct details for the South African Government's war memorial.



**HUNTING SEASON ENDING.**—The hounds on the village green at a meet of the West Kent Hunt at Farningham. Good sport was enjoyed.



**ADMIRAL BEATTY'S NURSE.**—Mrs. Annie Bywater, who was given a special welcome in the mayor's parlour when Sir David visited Chester to receive the city's freedom.